



# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1834

JUNE 29, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

### Education

#### DURHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

THE HEAD MASTERSHIP of the above SCHOOL of the Dean and Chapter of Durham is about to become vacant. The Head Master must be a Graduate of one of the British Universities.—Applications, with six copies of recent Testimonials and the names of three Referees, should be forwarded to the CHAPTER CLERK, The College, Durham (from whom all necessary information may be obtained), on or before JULY 10.

June 22, 1907.

### Art

OLD BRITISH SCHOOL.—SHEPHERD'S Exhibition of Landscapes and Portraits by Early Masters of the British School is now open.—SHEPHERD'S GALLERY, 27 King Street, St. James's.

FAMILY PORTRAITS, PICTURES, and MINIATURES Copied in Oil or Water-Colours, or Etched on Copper.—H. GOFFEY, 3 The Studios, Melbourne Road, Bushey, Herts.

SIGNORINA CIMINO, D.S.R.A. of Florence (Pianoforte and Italian), Member of Polytechnic Teaching Staff, is open to receive or visit pupils.—"Coloma," West Croydon.

CHARLOTTE BRONZÉ.—A Platinotype Reproduction of George Richmond's Drawing by F. HOLLYER, 9 Pembroke Square, Kensington. Catalogue, 1s.

### Sale by Auction

PALL MALL.—The collection of about 4000 Antique Rings, the Property of his Serene Highness Prince Hugo Erba Odelschalchi, of Budapest.

MESSRS. FOSTER respectfully announce for SALE, by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54 Pall Mall, on WEDNESDAY, July 10, and following day, at one o'clock precisely each day.

This extensive and interesting COLLECTION, which includes a number collected by Pope Benedikt Odelschalchi (Innocent the XIth.), who died in 1688. The collection comprises prehistoric Greek, Roman, Oriental, Byzantine, and Egyptian rings, rings with carved cameos, intaglios, and scarabees, with precious stones and coins, with historic and religious seals, with Turkish, Arabic, and Hebrew inscriptions, also betrothal, souvenir, and emblematic rings, and some referring to religious ceremonies and incantations.

May be viewed two days prior to the auction, when catalogues may be had of Messrs. Foster, 54 Pall Mall.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

BERNARD QUARITCH, Bookseller,

15 Piccadilly, London, W.,

Has transferred his business to

11 GRAFTON STREET, NEW BOND STREET.

### Books for Sale.

BALZAC'S WORKS in English, 40 vols., cloth, gilt tops, and frontispiece to each vol., 55s. Carriage free.—W. E. GOULDEN, 5 St. Paul's Canterbury.

FIRST Editions of Modern Authors, including Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, Ainsworth; Books illustrated by G. and R. Cruikshank, Phiz, Rowlandson, Leech, etc. The largest and choicest Collection offered for Sale in the World. Catalogues issued and sent post free on application. Books Bought.—WALTER T. SPENCER, 27 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND, Murray's Handbook to, profusely illustrated, 7 vols., original white cloth, good condition, published £5 9s., for 50s. net.—WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA AND SUPPLEMENT, complete, 35 vols., three-quarter levant, excellent condition, and bookcase. Price £16 10s.—W., Frogmore, Milton-u-Wychwood, Oxon.

### NOTICE.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed to 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

All business communications must be sent to The Manager of 'The Academy,' 95 Fetter Lane, E.C.

### THE MOSHER BOOKS.

IN view of recent references in these pages to my variorum edition of "The Blessed Damozel" and to the only complete and revised "Underneath the Bough" by Michael Field, I should be glad to mail my latest catalogue of THE MOSHER BOOKS post free to any booklover anywhere on request.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, PORTLAND, MAINE, U.S.A.

### Publishers' Media.

#### THE SPHERE

6d. Weekly.

A Literary Letter by C. K. S. appears each Week.

Also List of Books Received. SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT RATES FOR PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS. Office: Great New Street, E.C.

#### THE PALL MALL GAZETTE

10, 12, 14, and 16 Pages Daily.

THE EVENING PAPER OF THE EDUCATED MAN AND HIS FAMILY.

Famous for its brilliant Reviews of current Literature, and without doubt the best Evening Paper in the Kingdom for Publishers' Announcements.

Special Columns for New Books.

Next to Literary Matter every Day.

OFFICES: NEWTON STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

The Best, Brightest, and most Interesting Paper.

#### THE DAILY CHRONICLE

10 or 12 Pages Daily.

POPULAR FEATURES ARE:—

The Reviews of Books and Literary Notes Full Resume of the Principal Musical, Art and Dramatic Events.

Science and Art Specially dealt with. Fullset Reports of All Current Events and Special Telegrams from Correspondents Everywhere.

### Typewriting

AUTHORS' MSS., 9d. per 1000 words, Sermons, Plays, and all kinds carefully typed at home (Remington). Good paper. Orders promptly executed. Duplicating from 3s. 6d. per 100 copies.—M. L. L., 18 Edgeley Road, Clapham, S.W.

TYPEWRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1000 words. Specimens and references.—Address, Miss MESSEY, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton, S.W.

TYPEWRITING, 7d. per 1000 (with duplicate 9d.). All MSS. carefully and accurately typed. Best work. Numerous unsolicited testimonials.—Miss LANGRIDGE, 6 Hannington Road, Boscombe, Hants.

### NOW READY

#### THE SONG OF SONGS WHICH IS SOLOMON'S

210 COPIES SIXTEENMOON ARNOLD HAND-MADE PAPER PRINTED BY S. WELLWOOD AT HIS PRESS 34 STRAND LONDON BOUND IN DYED PARCHMENT FIVE SHILLINGS NET

List of Books sent anywhere on request.

## MR. BERNARD SHAW'S BOOKS

Now Ready

# JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND

*Containing also "Major Barbara" and "How He Lied to Her Husband"*

Crown 8vo, 6s.

The *TRIBUNE* says: "Every one will be glad to have Mr. Bernard Shaw's two most popular plays, hitherto unpublished, in a comely volume uniform with his other works . . . this work is a veritable bombshell of controversy for readers of Mr. Shaw."

### Plays Pleasant and Plays Unpleasant

In 2 vols. Sold separately. With a Portrait of the Author by FREDERICK H. EVANS, and the original Prefaces. Crown 8vo, 6s. each. CONTENTS—PLAYS UNPLEASANT—(1) *Widower's Houses*. (2) *The Philanderer*. (3) *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. CONTENTS—PLAYS PLEASANT—(1) *Arms and the Man*. (2) *Candida*. (3) *The Man of Destiny*. (4) *You Never Can Tell*.

### Three Plays for Puritans

Crown 8vo, 6s. CONTENTS—(1) *The Devil's Disciple*. (2) *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. (3) *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. Each Play also sold separately. Paper, 1s. 6d. net; cloth, 2s. net.

### Man and Superman

A Comedy and a Philosophy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

### The Irrational Knot

A Novel. Crown 8vo, 6s.

### Dramatic Opinions and Essays

With the Author's Apology

Containing as well a Word on the Dramatic Opinions and Essays of G. BERNARD SHAW by JAMES HUNEKER.

In 2 vols., crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

The *TRIBUNE* says:—"One can admire and enjoy the profusion of brilliant, suggestive, and memorable things scattered through these pages."

### Cashel Byron's Profession

Being No. 4 of the Novels of his Nonage. Also *The Admirable Bashville*, and an Essay on Modern Prizefighting. Crown 8vo, 6s.

### The Common Sense of Municipal Trading

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

### The Perfect Wagnerite

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

## New Books at the Libraries

**IRELAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.** By G. LOCKER LAMPSON. 18s. net.

**LITERARY RAMBLES IN FRANCE.** By Miss BETHAM EDWARDS. Fully Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

**RUSSIA AND REFORM.** By BERNARD PARES, M.A. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

**THE TRAVELS OF KING CHARLES II. IN GERMANY AND FLANDERS.** By EVA SCOTT. 15s. net.

**SICILY AND ENGLAND.** By Mrs. WHITAKER. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

**FACTORS IN MODERN HISTORY.** By A. F. POLLARD, Professor of Constitutional History at University College, London. 7s. 6d. net.

**THE GODDESS OF REASON.** A Romantic Drama of the French Revolution by MARY JOHNSTONE, Author of "By Order of the Company." 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

## New 6s. Novels

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN . . . . .  
PAUL GWYNNE . . . . .  
UNA L. SILBERRAD . . . . .  
T. KINGSTON CLARKE . . . . .  
GUSTAV FRENSSEN (Author of "Jorn Uhl") . . . . .  
ANDY ADAMS (Author of "The Log of a Cowboy") . . . . .  
M. E. M. DAVIS . . . . .

### NEW CHRONICLES OF REBECCA

With Illustrations by F. C. YOHN

### DOCTOR PONS

### THE GOOD COMRADE

### THE WIDDA-MAN. A Manx Story

### THE THREE COMRADES

### REED ANTHONY, COWMAN

### THE PRICE OF SILENCE

A romantic story of New Orleans. Illustrated.

LONDON: A. CONSTABLE & CO., LIMITED, 10 Orange Street, Leicester Square.



## CONTENTS

	Page		Page
The Literary Week . . . . .	619	The Solution of the Censorship	
Earth's Weird . . . . .	621	Problem . . . . .	628
The Green River . . . . .	621	Contemporary France . . . . .	631
Literature :		Beaconsfield as Plagiarist . . . . .	632
Mr. Shaw's New Volume . . . . .	621	Literature and Stocks . . . . .	633
A Royal Picture-Gallery . . . . .	622	Fiction . . . . .	634
With Rod and Pen . . . . .	623	Fine Art :	
Homer is Himself Again . . . . .	624	Strangers within the Gates . . . . .	635
The Quality of Greatness . . . . .	626	Correspondence . . . . .	636
The Library Table . . . . .	627	Books Received . . . . .	638

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The publishing offices of THE ACADEMY are at 95 Fetter Lane, E.C., to which address all business letters should be sent.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

## THE LITERARY WEEK

WE have pleasure in giving publicity to an appeal signed by Sir William Richmond, Professor J. P. Mahaffy, Professor Ernest Gardner and Mr. R. M. Hensley on behalf of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt. The Egyptian Government has given permission for excavations at Memphis and the signatories appeal for funds to enable the School to undertake them. The sites of wonderful buildings still standing in the Greek Age are still plainly visible; the temples of Ptah, of Isis, and of Apis, and in the foreign quarter that of Aphrodite. Beneath these must lie monuments of the earliest ages of the Egyptian monarchy. The exact spots where the statues, sculptures and records of these periods are to be found have been identified with particular accuracy. It is estimated that £3000 a year for fifteen or twenty years will be required to clear the temple sites. Half of the sculptures discovered will be granted by the Egyptian Government to the discoverers. The signatories hope to raise in England sufficient to undertake this part of the work without appealing to foreign aid. As in every other appeal for the advancement of Art, or Science, or Literature, or any other of the civilising forces of life, the signatories point out that great national undertakings, as of France in the clearing of Delphi, or of Germany at Olympia, can never be done under our form of government, which ignores such intellectual conquests.

We need these appeals if only to remind us how far the British Empire has as yet fallen short of the other great empires of the world as a civilising force, even of the one it most resembles in aim, Carthage, which at least within itself patronised both Science and Art. With us everything must be achieved by the enterprise of societies of private individuals. Professor Flinders Petrie and his associates give their actual work for love. Those who subscribe the large sums which we trust will be forthcoming have a right to inquire in whom the property of the moiety of sculptures will vest; if in the hands of the Government they have a right to demand that the men who have enabled the nation to possess these treasures should have a paramount voice in their housing and preservation. The nation and consequently the Government through no fault of its own, from its apathy to matters of intellectual interest, is unfit to act as their guardian.

Synchronously with this appeal, Mr. C. H. Read, in his introduction to the present catalogue of the Burlington Fine Arts Exhibition, expresses the hope that the necessary representations may be made to the French and

Persian Governments to extend to British explorers the exclusive rights now held by French explorers in Persia. Though criticising gently the French mission of exploration in that particular country as lacking in energy, he pays a deserved tribute to "archæological and artistic circles in France" as "probably the most intelligent in the world." He goes on to observe, that "by such an archæological *entente* Persia would be the richer, and France none the poorer." We sincerely hope he may obtain some of the treasure, but how Persia would benefit by having to supply two nations with its spoils instead of one, or how France would gain by having to divide spoils which it can now gather in 'at leisure, we cannot quite see, as a point of logic. Surely British societies and individuals who will certainly have to bear the cost of any British excavations, had better make their own terms with the French Government. Unless they can prove commercial interest no British Government is likely to exert itself in an unpopular cause of no profit to itself; and the French Government can scarcely be expected to concede a valuable privilege which is despised in this country, and would count nothing to its credit in the give and take of diplomacy. We fear little can be done until a pacific mission is despatched to Persia, furnished with an archæologist as Director of Loot, an arrangement which is said to have produced good results recently under similar circumstances.

Mr. Andrew Lang has an article entitled "New Light on Mary Queen of Scots" in the July number of *Blackwood's Magazine* in which he refers to an "unpublished" letter concerning Mary and Darnley. Nearly the whole of the letter appeared in Miss Strickland's "Life of the Queen" (Vol. i. Ed. 1873, pp. 194-7). Mr. Lang is not wont to be very sparing or very merciful in his criticisms of those who do not agree with his views, it behoves him then to be all the more careful in his own statements. To refer to a letter which appeared in so well known a work as Miss Strickland's as long ago as 1873 as an unpublished letter, is surely very nearly what Mr. Lang himself would describe as "a regular howler."

Many people take in the *Daily Telegraph* simply on account of the brilliant art criticism of Mr. Claude Phillips, who is not, however, responsible for the well-known but oddly written records of the Christie sales. "One thousand guineas," gasped Mr. Locket Agnew; Mr. Martin Colnaghi winked, and "fifteen hundred" muttered the auctioneer. "Two thousand," snorted Mr. Arthur Sulley from the back of the room. "You can have it," sneered Messrs. Dowdeswell; "Two thousand five hundred," growled Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi; then a terrible pause, a rustle of dresses, and Mr. Hugh P. Lane, pale, firm and determined, flung three thousand at Mr. Hannen, whose hammer fell with a dull thud amid thunders of applause."

Needless to say the style we have ventured to parody is not that of Mr. Claude Phillips but of Mr. A. C. Carter. The sale of Lord Leighton's large picture *Phryne* at fifty guineas disturbed Mr. Carter's peace of mind last week and he recklessly described the event as a "Triumph of the Philistines." It was really a victory for Camelot. Mr. Carter's unrivalled knowledge of prices does not extend to an acquaintance with the criticism and appreciation of the last century. Lord Leighton was of course the painter of the Philistines. People who disliked Burne-Jones nearly always admired Leighton unless they were out and out impressionists and then they disliked Leighton even more than the other æsthetes. The Whistler story of "Paints too" places the late President of the Academy in the æsthetic hierarchy.

Leighton was a charming personality, an ideal president, a great connoisseur of art, and a popular painter in Philistia, but no one who really cared for painting ever

dreamed of taking him seriously; *Phryne* seems to us rather expensive at fifty guineas. But the sale proves that dealers and public are dimly beginning to differentiate between good and bad in modern work, and it emphasises the truth of Mr. MacColl's contention about the gross waste of the Chantrey money and the inflated prices at which the trustees must have purchased some of the nation's pictures.

Of all the honorary degrees conferred by Oxford last Wednesday the most appropriate and the most deserved was that conferred on Mr. Sidney Colvin. To the Oxford public and the undergraduates his name did not convey very much, and to a number of people even in London Mr. Colvin is perhaps only known as the friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. But to students, scholars, artists, and men of letters throughout Europe and America his name means much more than that of Mark Twain or "General" Booth. Only those who have worked in the Print Room of the British Museum can realise what we owe to his knowledge, tact, and organisation. Mr. Colvin has never succumbed to the temptation of most experts and scholars—of thinking that contemporary art has no significance or historical value because it is contemporary; or to the temptation of most officials to think that "art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine."

As Mr. Colvin was among the first to recognise and welcome Burne-Jones and the Pre-Raphaelites he has helped and encouraged the most advanced of the younger artists to-day and has admitted their drawings into the Sacrosanct Museum. He has born gross attacks with unflinching dignity and reserve, and as a member of the National Art Collection Fund was an ardent supporter of the acquisition of Whistler's *Battersea Bridge*. Those least in sympathy with some of his literary enthusiasms can appreciate better even than personal friends the stimulating influence which he has exercised in literary London, and the excellence of wisdom and understanding with which he has directed the current of criticism in its more admirable channels.

We are thinking of writing the rules and taking out a patent for a new game to be called "Cap-fitting." Last week an article entitled "Poetry and Passion" appeared in these columns. The writer of the article invented an imaginary paper and called it the "Little Piddlington Gazette," and made some observations on the text of some words which were supposed to have appeared in this imaginary paper. Whereupon a writer in the *Christian Endeavour Times* rushes in with an article called "A Poet in a Temper," and claims the cap for his own head. If the *Christian Endeavour Times* is known as the "Little Piddlington Gazette" in future it will only have itself to blame. We should never have dreamed of allowing rude remarks about a contemporary with so highly respectable and withal modest a name to appear in these columns. As a matter of fact the *Christian Endeavour Times* is a London paper while our contributor's imaginary organ of Little Piddlington was a provincial paper; moreover, the writer therein was described as using "the journalistic we," whereas the writer in the *Christian Endeavour Times* writes in the first person. So according to the rule 7 we are unable to award him the cap.

Last Thursday was the Press day for the exhibition of Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon's pictures at the Carfax Gallery, which though occurring rather late in the season constitutes one of the most important shows of modern work this year. Our critic will discuss their interesting art next week. At the Alpine Club on July 6 there opens an exhibition of pictures of Mr. Roger Fry and Mr. Neville Lytton, two painters who are out of sympathy with modern movements and yet possess a singular

fascination for the scholars and experts of painting ancient and modern

Private enterprise has succeeded in founding with the sanction of the Ministry of Education confirmed by the Czar a new School of Archæology and Archæography in Moscow. The School ranks with a University and is open to graduates only of Russian or foreign universities. Its aim is to prepare qualified archæologists and archæographers, a term intended to apply to persons skilled in the preservation and interpretation of historical archives, libraries public and private, and the like valuable collections demanding special knowledge.

The Moscow Institute of Archæology is the first institution in Russia founded on autonomous principles: it has the right to elect its own professors and lecturers and generally conduct its own internal affairs, subject only to the veto of the Minister of Education, in certain circumstances. The course will be a three years' one, the last years of which must be spent in practical work, either in archæological researches among the monuments of antiquity so little studied as yet throughout Russia, expeditions abroad, or similar special work. The Institute is empowered to give the degrees of Doctor of Archæology or Doctor of Archæography according to the branch of learning studied. Among names favourably known outside Russia connected with the new undertaking may be noted Dr. Uspensky, the Director of the Institute, Dr. Fleischer, who was associated with English and American archæologists in recent excavations in Persia, Professor Grot, and the secretary is Privat-Dozent Visotsky, to whom inquiries may be addressed. The Institute is under the high patronage of many leading statesmen and the Metropolitan of Moscow.

A complimentary dinner to Mr. Vedrenne and Mr. Granville Barker on the completion of their three years brilliant management of the Court Theatre will be given at the Criterion Restaurant on Sunday, July 7, at 7.30. Lord Lytton will preside and some of the speeches ought to be very entertaining. Tickets may be obtained at ten-and-sixpence from the following: John Pollock, 21 Hyde Park Place, W.; Hector Thomson, 9 Arundel Street, Strand; Frederick Whelen, His Majesty's Theatre.

We highly recommend Canon Barnett's excellent article "The Recreation of the People," in the July number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, to our readers, and to any one else who appreciates well expressed common sense. We quote a few short sentences which give the keynotes to the article. "Work is undertaken not for work's sake, but largely for the sake of recreation." "The country is being lost or saved by its play." "A man is fully human only when he plays" (quoted from Schiller). "'What,' I once asked an engineer, 'should I find most of your mates doing on Sunday?' His answer was: 'Sleeping.'" "Of the solid part of the community large numbers never vote." "Repose is sterilised recreation." "The three main streams which flow from work to leisure are that towards drink, that towards excitement, and that towards home repose." "The recreations which made England 'merrie' were stopped in their development by the combined influence of puritanism and of the industrial revolution." "The benevolence which *provides* shows destroys at least the capacity for pleasure." The italics are ours. We should like to write much on these texts, but our present object is to let Canon Barnett speak for himself, and our object will be gained if our readers read his article.

A gentleman who writes in the elegantly named "Books Supplement" of the *Daily Mail*, was able last Saturday jubilantly to draw attention to the fact that owing to



obvious printers' errors, the names of two distinguished writers referred to in the ACADEMY had been mis-spelt, and that in another case Mr. Edmund Gosse had been alluded to as Mr. Edward Gosse. In the last-mentioned case the error occurred nearly two months ago, and we suppose the *Daily Mail* gentleman has been gloating over it ever since. He certainly deserves credit for having even so tardily exposed so damaging a mistake. The *Daily Mail* is welcome to any satisfaction that it may derive from the enthralling pursuit of pointing out printers' errors in the columns of its more reputable contemporaries. But might we suggest that Lord Northcliff's young men would be better employed in their spare time, in endeavouring to improve their knowledge of the English language and English literature. For every misprint that occurs in the ACADEMY in any one year, we will undertake to point out five mis-statements in the *Daily Mail* and an almost unlimited number of lapses from good taste, good manners and good grammar.

## EARTH'S WEIRD

### I

Forced on herself to turn.

Of neither dusk nor dawn the welcome guest.  
And likened most to some poor funeral urn  
'Neath the last cypress, by the highway prest.  
One cheek towards the way, where hot lights burn;  
One, towards the cypress and th' eternal rest.

### II

Bound to the wheel of years.

Slave of the sun. Her master's mood to please  
Still must she change her garb, now gay, now tears,  
A sorry jest, and played for sorry fees.  
Wage of her youth—a seed-plot full of fears.  
Prize of her age—the drift of dying trees.

### III

Yet we can still divine

The further law which in her bearing shows,  
Which girds her, as a pilgrim for a shrine  
To journey through the stars—that journey's close  
Past self, past sun. . . . What guerdon there may shine?  
Peace, at the worst. And at the best? Who knows?

G. M. HORT.

## THE GREEN RIVER

I KNOW a green grass path that leaves the field  
And like a running river, winds along  
Into a leafy wood where is no throng  
Of birds at noon-day, and no soft throats yield  
Their music to the moon. The place is sealed,  
An unclaimed sovereignty of voiceless song,  
And all the unravished silences belong  
To some sweet singer lost or unrevealed.

So is my soul become a silent place.  
Oh may I wake from this uneasy night  
To find some voice of music manifold,  
Let it be shape of sorrow with wan face,  
Or Love that swoons on sleep, or else delight  
That is as wide-eyed as a marigold.

A. D.

## LITERATURE

### MR. SHAW'S NEW VOLUME

*John Bull's Other Island, and Major Barbara.* By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. (Constable, 6s.)

WHEN I was reviewing Mr. Shaw's two volumes of Dramatic Opinions in these columns a week or two ago, I rejoiced to note in them the earnestness of the zealot. But man is never contented, I suppose, and after reading the prefaces which accompany *John Bull's Other Island* and *Major Barbara* in Mr. Shaw's latest volume, I am not sure whether earnestness may not be carried too far. I seem to miss the light touch, the good-humour and good-temper of those earlier articles of the 'nineties and find in their place an irritability which makes less agreeable reading. Can it be that Mr. Shaw is getting to that dangerous point in the career of a prophet when he can no longer suffer fools gladly? I hope not. For if he is I think it will interfere somewhat with the success of his mission. There is a curious passage in Renan's *Vie de Jésus* in which he notes regretfully the incident of the cursing of the barren fig-tree as an indication of nervous tension, of petulance even, that would have been incredible in the earlier years of the ministry in Galilee. In these prefaces there is a shade too much of cursing barren fig-trees. The *John Bull* preface strikes me as particularly depressing reading in this respect. And I hardly know which comes worse out of it, your poor Englishman who is practically written down a fool, or your Irishman who is apparently very little better. As a piece of composition it gives me the impression of having been flung together somewhat at random and lacks logical continuity and arrangement. While the excursus on the Denshawai executions in Egypt with which it concludes does not impress me as showing a very profound appreciation of either Lord Cromer's position in Egypt or of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's.

It is more interesting to turn from these things to the preface to *Major Barbara*, in which Mr. Shaw is dealing with matters on which he has more special qualifications to speak. The theme of *Major Barbara* may be summed up as the Paradox of Poverty. Under our present competitive system a large proportion of mankind is insufficiently clad and insufficiently fed in order that a minority may have more food and clothing and more money than it knows what to do with. In order to keep this state of things going we must have police and prisons and hospitals and a poor law administration, not to speak of an army and judges, though to put it on the lowest grounds the economic waste implied in such a system is unworthy of a humane nation. Therefore, says Mr. Shaw, the first thing to be done is to do away with poverty. It is every man's business to make money and to insist on getting it. That is the Undershaft philosophy. But what of the people who cannot or will not fall in with this ideal, who lack the energy for work and for the production of wealth? Kill them, says Mr. Shaw. Without rancour or ill-feeling of any kind. But kill them. The idyllic simplicity of this scheme has something very attractive about it and it is possible to believe that, as civilisation advances, a perfectly equipped lethal chamber will be attached to every large town, but hitherto mankind, with culpable blindness, seems to have shut its eyes to the advantages of this solution of the social problem, and so we go on breeding paupers in our slums and criminals in our gutters from one generation to another. We send people to prison from which they emerge more incapable of a decent and self-supporting existence than they went in. And when at last we drive them to murder and so get an excuse for hanging them we comfort ourselves with the reflection that they have "brought it on themselves."

Poverty, says Undershaft—with him Mr. Shaw—is a crime. The want of money is the root of all evil. This being so, is it wise to let a man be poor? Would he not

do ten times less harm as a prosperous burglar, incendiary, ravisher, or murderer to the utmost limits of humanity's comparatively negligible impulses in these directions? Suppose we were to abolish all penalties for such activities and decide that poverty is the one thing we will not tolerate, that every adult with less than £365 a year shall be painlessly but inexorably killed, and every hungry half-naked child forcibly fattened and clothed, would not that be an enormous improvement on our existing system, which has already destroyed so many civilisations and is visibly destroying our own?

Unquestionably there is much to be said for the Undershaft solution of the problem of wealth. And I welcome Mr. Shaw's acknowledgment that this theory of his derives nothing from Nietzsche or Schopenhauer or any other German thinker, but comes straight from our own Samuel Butler, whose posthumous novel, "The Way of all Flesh," is perhaps the most notable contribution to latter-day fiction that has appeared in this generation. What is particularly interesting—and in some ways encouraging—is to find a professed and ardent humanitarian like Mr. Shaw proclaiming the doctrine. For though there is nothing radically incompatible between the Draconian thoroughness of this code and the abhorrence of scenes like the Denshawai executions—though, in fact, the shrinking from the infliction of pain for its own sake leads almost necessarily to the Draconian method of extinguishing the unfit, unless you are going to throw up the problem altogether, the fact is not often so plainly faced by our latter-day humanitarians.

To turn from the prefaces to the plays, one thing which strikes me with a growing uneasiness in Mr. Shaw's later work is his carelessness as to form. Both *John Bull's Other Island* and *Major Barbara* are ill put together. They share with the *Doctor's Dilemma* the defect of straggling on after the play is really at an end. Five-sixths of the last act of *Major Barbara* and almost all the last scene of *John Bull* are ineffective for stage purposes. They amount to an anti-climax. And in the theatre anti-climax is a deadly sin. Mr. Shaw's earlier plays are many of them models of construction. What could be better than *Arms and the Man*, for instance, or *The Philanderer* from this point of view? This cannot honestly be said of the later plays, and I think it explains a certain restlessness on the part of their audiences. This is bad even from the standpoint of the propagandist. Once the attention of an audience begins to wander it is useless to try and keep them in their seats. The thread is broken and they may as well go home to bed. Every preacher recognises this. And Mr. Shaw must not claim to be an exception to the rule. I should like to see a new last scene written for *Major Barbara* lasting about six minutes instead of the twenty-six at present consumed. Anything that could not be compressed into these six minutes might be appended to the programme in a footnote.

ST. J. H.

#### A ROYAL PICTURE-GALLERY

*The Prado.* A Description of the Principal Pictures in the Madrid Gallery. By ALBERT F. CALVERT and C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY. With 220 Illustrations. (Lane, 3s. 6d. net.)

UNDER the editorship of Mr. Albert F. Calvert who, through the medium of Bodley Head productions, has already won for himself a considerable reputation as an art-loving biographer of Spanish treasures, Mr. John Lane announces

a new and important series of volumes dealing with Spain in its various aspects, its history, its cities and monuments. Each volume will be complete in itself in an uniform binding, and the number and excellence of the reproductions from pictures will justify the claim that these books comprise the most copiously illustrated series that has yet been issued.

The advent of some such series has been foreshadowed by the inauguration of cheap, circular tours to the Iberian

Peninsula and by the spasmodic issue of single volumes having more or less the nature of literary and artistic guide-books to Spain; now that the long-anticipated effort is to be made to fight with the pen of the people for Spain's right to rank with Italy, Sicily and Greece in the list of attractive European playing-grounds we are indeed happy, even relieved, to know that the crusade has been organised under such promising conditions. A holiday-makers' invasion of Spain inspired and conducted by Mr. Calvert is not likely to partake of the nature of globe-trotting for globe-trotting's sake, with its inevitable results.

"The Prado," one of the first volumes issued in this new "Spanish Series," has been written by Mr. Calvert in collaboration with C. Gasquoine Hartley who, also, has previously given us some books dealing with things Spanish. The well-nigh unique character of the famous collection of pictures at Madrid is known to all art-lovers, who will appreciate the vivid portrayal of that character with which the authors introduce their subject:

The Gallery of the Prado has escaped the error of trying to imitate other museums of Art. . . . Often has it been called a congress of masterpieces rather than a treasure-house for the art of the world—such, for instance, as the Louvre or the National Gallery. And this is so true that one finds it difficult to think of any other estimate that as fittingly summarises its character—a character, let it be remembered, that has not been decided by chance, but rather by predestination, and has created that atmosphere we feel around us in the Prado, wherein we find the secret why the art-lover is so specially at home among its pictures. A royal collection, called into life in large measure by the munificence of personal patronage, it shows many of the distinctive characteristics of a private collection. Certainly, the choice of its pictures has been largely an expression of individual taste; and for this reason the dominating impression we receive is of a collection of superbly beautiful works, and these must be regarded as the adornments of a palace rather than as examples of the works of any particular school. In fine, the Prado is the gallery of a collector, or, to be more exact, of a group of connoisseurs. . . . The aim of the royal gallery has never been historical completeness.

A gallery of masterpieces; a collection of pictures the choice of which was inspired by the cosmopolitan spirit of art-lovers whose consciences did not goad them into wantonly sacrificing their patronage on the altar of patriotism; a congress of great achievements, often foreign in conception and execution, and yet so often Spanish in inspiration or workmanship, or both, as to prove clearly that the Spanish masters are prophets in their own country—complex are the thoughts and emotions aroused by contact with the personal character of this Gallery, and the authors of "The Prado" might well have been excused if, at the very outset of their work, they had been tempted to fly off at a tangent to discuss the ideal character of an ideal form of administration for an ideal National Gallery! But the absence of any controversial trappings to this sympathetic exposition of the character of the Royal Gallery at Madrid gives the key-note to the style of the book; the story of artists and patrons who have combined to bring into being this congress of masterpieces, and the descriptive and critical remarks on the pictures have the same dominant, individual note of the love of art that is the key-note of the collection—hence information and criticism are blended into a well-balanced estimate in which controversial points are wholly subservient to the spirit of artistic enjoyment. As witness to the standpoint adopted take the following passage:

The attribution of many of the early Flemish pictures here has been questioned; the Van Eycks, for instance, are good copies and variations on the pictures of the brothers elsewhere; the "Deposition" of Rogier van der Weyden is a fine sixteenth-century copy of the picture at the Escorial. But these decisions of the critics do nothing to detract from the beauty of the pictures themselves.

And again, in reference to these same copies in "The Prado" we read:

The Prado Van Eycks have suffered the fate which so many pictures experience; they have lost the prestige of their authorship, while retaining much, if not all, of their interest. . . . Few pictures have been more often and more searchingly discussed than the "Fountain



of Life," catalogued at the Prado as the work of Jan Van Eyck. But the picture is really a good and careful sixteenth-century copy of a lost and priceless work by the more delicate artist, Hubert. Forget the picture is a copy. . . . It is fatally easy and sometimes enticing to contradict traditional attributions of pictures. But modern critics are agreed that the two large "Depositions" in the Prado, given to Rogier Van der Weyden, are fine sixteenth-century copies of the picture now at the Escorial. Again we would ask, forget that these pictures are copies. For the spirit of the impassioned painter of Tournai speaks to us here in these scenes interpreted as dreams, in which each detail of anguish has been emphasised, until it forces upon us a vivid realisation of what the painter conceived.

Equally pleasing as the style is the general construction of the book. A short introductory chapter shows how Spain, in the realm of politics, was closely associated with Netherlands and Italy, and how these relationships bore artistic fruit, leading on the one hand to the royal patronage of Flemish and Italian masters and on the other to the early imitative art of Spain which owes so much to the visit of Jan van Eyck to the Peninsula early in the fifteenth century, and subsequently to the Italian Renaissance; it explains, too, how the Spanish sovereigns looked on art patronage as a pastime, in consequence of which so many great masters are represented in the Prado by some of their finest works. This introduction is a cleverly worded essay which gives an exciting foretaste of what the collection and the authors have to offer on closer acquaintanceship. Following it are seven chapters devoted to the Spanish School, and although the Prado is not the place in which to study the history of that school in its early stages the authors have very wisely traced its development from its early beginnings in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; even though the lover of the beautiful may not regret the general absence of the Spanish Primitives from the Prado, even though he be the most ardent advocate of emotional enjoyment of pictures, at some odd moment when he is surveying masterpieces the rival intellect will surely prompt the question, "What was the Genesis of these Revelations?" The history of the Spanish School of ecclesiastical art and portrait-painting is begun in greater detail in connection with El Greco, who went to Toledo in 1577, and carried on through the days of the Early Portrait Painters and Little Painters to the era of Ribera and Zurbarán, to the golden days of Velasquez, overlapped by the years when Murillo made his theatrical appeal, and thence to the great epoch of Goya's art in the eighteenth century. Particularly original, illuminating and sympathetic is the summary of the art of El Greco, "disowned for many centuries, still often misjudged," and Goya is so ably interpreted as to awaken the hope that the forthcoming volume to be devoted entirely to his work will be penned by the same hand that wrote this short appreciation in "The Prado." Following the account of the Spanish masters who are represented in the Royal Gallery are chapters on the Italian and Northern Schools, with a general estimate of the masterpieces of Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Correggio, Mantegna, Giorgione, Titian, Rubens, Memlinc and Albert Dürer, that help to make the Gallery a cabinet of gems. We may not agree in every instance with the comparative artistic values of these masterpieces assigned to them by our authors, but personal taste is not likely to undermine the friendship of art-lovers who will surely appreciate the sincerity of this recent contribution to artistic literature.

I come to the two hundred and twenty-one illustrations in this book (one more than is credited on the title-page which promises only two hundred and twenty), and recall part of the note which heralds the Spanish Series—"the number and excellence of the reproductions from pictures will justify the claim that these books comprise the most copiously illustrated series that has yet been issued." I admit the claim in so far as it is based on the number of illustrations in this volume, but I must break a lance, several lances, with authors and producer with regard to the excellence of the illustrations in this particular issue.

Making due allowance for the fact that many of the pictures in the Prado have suffered from being stored away in "garrets and corridors," and also from restorations, several of these reproductions do not do justice to the pictures they represent; in many instances they are defectively lighted and the details are either blurred or wholly indistinguishable. For example, in the reproduction of Titian's *Emperor Charles V.*, both the cap and fur collar worn by the Emperor are one with the shadow of the background; in Raphael's *Cardinal* there is a patch of light which only imagination, stimulated by knowledge, can transform into a sleeve from which protrudes a hand, and in Titian's equestrian portrait of the *Emperor Charles V.* (Charles V. at Mühlberg), the horse in the illustration appears to have only three legs, and it is even somewhat difficult to persuade oneself that it has more than two! I could instance other cases in which the authors should not have passed the proofs of these illustrations or the producer have been satisfied with their "excellence," but that would not advance my object in calling what I hope may be timely attention to the illustrated portion of the book in question. (In the name of justice let it here be said that even on the score of merit some of the reproductions do justify the claim made in their name.) My desire with regard to such a welcome series is that quality shall not in the smallest degree be sacrificed to quantity; financially speaking, future volumes would be cheap with half the number of illustrations each well-produced and the text of the same meritorious standard as in the present volume. Without any reproductions at all, this guide to the Prado would be cheap at its published price, for the fortunate visitor to Madrid's Royal Gallery will find in the authors enthusiastic and sympathetic companions, and those who cannot go there in reality will do well to seek compensation in a visit to the Prado through the medium of this book.

#### WITH ROD AND PEN

*Fly Fishing.* By Sir EDWARD GREY. (Dent, 3s. 6d.)

*How to Fish.* By W. EARL HODGSON. (Black, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE gentle craft of the angler has been more than a little fortunate in its scribes. No doubt this is in a measure due to those circumstances which make it so correctly designated as the contemplative man's recreation, for it is the leisure and the disposition for contemplation which incline a man to appreciation of the graces of words. It is not only to those early scribes, Dame Juliana Berners, of the angle, or to the inimitable Isaak that we are obliged to go for the graceful writings on the graceful art. At the present time we have before us, lately published, two books by men still angling, still scribbling, performing either art with alluring skill, and likely to continue plying them until the end of many more chapters and of many more fish. Sir Edward Grey is the one, Mr. Earl Hodgson the other. The bringing of the names thus together suggests something in the nature of what our copy-books tell us is so odious—a comparison. The juxtaposition renders it inevitable, and it had better be faced frankly. After all, there is high classical precedent to be gathered from Plutarch. The two books provoking the discussion of relative merits are "Fly Fishing," by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and "How to Fish," by the other.

Obviously the suggested comparison falls under two heads, angling, and the writing about angling. Now there is very little doubt that if you were to start out Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Hodgson with equal arms, or choosing their own arms, and let them loose on the Test or Itchen (of course excluding such portions of those rivers, if indeed it would not be necessary to exclude the whole course of the latter, as are familiar to Sir Edward) Mr. Hodgson would have some-

what the worse of the contest and somewhat the lighter of the baskets, when the two came home. Sir Edward, as an artist with the dry fly, is very nearly, if not quite, incomparable. One does not gather, from Mr. Hodgson's writing, that he is at all deficient in confidence about his own faculty for catching fish, but we believe that even he would be loth to back himself largely in such a competition. On the other hand he is perhaps the more practised of the two in fishing all sorts and conditions of water, and if we were to set the battle in array between them, and give them a whole continent as the scene of the competition, it is possible enough that Mr. Hodgson might make the heavier score. Therefore the man who regards the fishing of the chalk streams with the dry fly, in comparison with "the chuck and chance it" of the fast river and the loch, as cricket at Lord's has to be regarded in comparison with the same noble game on the village green, will put Sir Edward Grey first and the other man nowhere. But on the other hand he who has not so much of the pure chalk stream running through his veins may hesitate between their rival merits, even as a cricketer who is not an extreme purist of the first-class quality of the game may rate highly the faculty of a determined biter of the second-class to make runs on all kinds of queer wickets, though he might give a poor show against the most scientific bowling at Lord's.

In respect of their qualities as writers both have a certain grace which is not as frequent as we should wish it with those who make a branch of sport their theme. Their art of murder is apt to invade style and it may even be grammar, and scarcely to be worthily called a fine art at all. Yet both these writers make fine art of their treatises on sport. Mr. Hodgson's is the more psychological, in places a little too psychological, as if he had said to himself: "Come, let us cast a fly and hook a chapter of psychology and bring it into this mixed bag or basket." For there is a little mixture, with a whole chapter on wasps' nests thrown in, which is connected by only a very tenuous cast indeed with the main business. Sir Edward Grey's work is more homogeneous, more of the open air, an idyll, pure from the heart, with unaffected appreciation of the wild flowers and all the features of Nature's smiling face. He does not vex his own soul nor his readers' with the psychologies.

Now as to which will serve a man the better in the way of instructing him how to catch fish, that again is another story, and with regard to all the niceties of throwing, with the bend of the line up stream or down stream respectively, and avoidance of drag and so forth, it appears to the present writer, at all events, that these are matters which the "commencing angler" only begins to understand from the written word at the moment he is finding them out for himself by work on the river. But they hardly come into the philosophy of the all-round fisher: they are of the chalk stream and the dry fly pure and simple. For the man who is to fish here, there, and everywhere Mr. Hodgson's hints will be found perhaps the more generally useful. The other is to be studied almost with prayer and fasting by him who has an ambition to excel in the Hampshire streams. There is vast difference of opinion between the two as to flies: the multiplicity of Mr. Hodgson's entomology is bewildering. Sir Edward Grey, on the other hand, reduces all to a very few simple patterns, and this extreme is certainly that which the humble judgment of the present critic would incline him to approve, but how Sir Edward can dispense with the alder fly, so invaluable on some stretches of certain rivers, is a mystery as dark as that sombre insect itself. Mr. Hodgson, this writer has to confess, touches a place very near his critic's heart in the skillful and well-worked comparison which he draws between the built cane and the green-heart rod. The latter, being the cheaper, has surely been too hastily condemned as the nastier. Except for salmon, when the weight of the rod is a factor which has a large influence on the choice, the steely resiliency of the sound green-heart surely gives it a claim for higher

consideration than it often has, though the superior merit of the built-cane in resisting a breaking strain is not to be disputed.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

### HOMER IS HIMSELF AGAIN

*Homer and His Age.* By ANDREW LANG. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

SINCE Wolf first laid violent hands on the Homeric poems they have suffered wholesale mangling at the hands of scholars of all shades of opinion and all degrees and varieties of qualification. The blind bard has become a myth, still beloved, but, it seemed, hopelessly discredited, and the mere lover of magnificent poetry and stirring story has been forced to put "analytical criticism" sternly from him lest he should lose, not only the poet, but the poem as well.

Mr. Lang has set himself the task of rehabilitating Homer. At the outset it would seem a hopeless task, or, at best, an unprofitable one. For so strong is the modern tendency to "want to see the wheels go round" that the complex machinery of the epic lies in hopeless confusion in the majority of minds learned in the classics. The clock by which all Greek civilisation was set has been taken to pieces, and wheels, springs, and screws are sorted out into neat and useless heaps, while the hands are still, and the ringing hours dumb. But Mr. Lang is of the opinion that all those little bits and pieces were meant to be together as we used to know them—that all of them belong to the clock. He has put the pieces together again—and behold the clock goes!

The whole theory which regards the *Iliad* as the work of four or five centuries rests on the postulate that poets throughout these centuries did what such poets never do, kept true to the details of a life remote from their own, and also—did not.

We find now that the poets are true to tradition in the details of ancient life; now that the poets introduce whatever modern details they please. The late poets have now a very exact knowledge of the past; now, the late poets know nothing about the past, or, again, some of the poets are fond of actual and very minute archaeological research! The theory shifts its position as may suit the point to be made at the moment by the critic. All is arbitrary, and it is certain that logic demands a very different method of inquiry. If Helbig and other critics of his way of thinking mean that in the *Iliad* (1) there are parts of genuine antiquity; other parts (2) by poets who, with stern accuracy, copied the old modes; other parts (3) by poets who tried to copy, but failed; with passages (4) by poets who deliberately innovated; and passages (5) by poets who drew fanciful pictures of the past "from their inner consciousness"; while, finally, (6) some poets made minute archaeological researches; and if the argument be that the critics can detect these six elements, then we are asked to repose unlimited confidence in critical powers of discrimination. The critical standard becomes arbitrary and subjective.

A good point, forcibly made, is the contrast between the supposed treatment of the *Iliad* by rhapsodists of the seventh and eighth centuries and the actual character of the Cyclic poems. In the former case these late poets must have preserved the tradition of the *Iliad* to the careful exclusion of the most blatant modernisms which appear throughout the Cyclic poems.

The great fact which most critics of Homer forget, and of which Mr. Lang reminds them again and again, is that modern literary methods and modern channels of thought are no criterion by which to estimate the methods and processes of the epic poets, whether Homeric or Cyclic. "Local colour" is a rank modernism. Again: if the *Iliad* was at the mercy of strolling *jongleurs* for centuries, and if it grew from a matter of two thousand five hundred lines by the accretions of five centuries, how is it that there was in the end one accepted "text"? Either (1) there must have been a "school" of reciters of Homer, or (2) the poems must have been committed to writing and freely circulated from the earliest times, or (3) some authoritative edition must have absorbed practically all the various versions towards the end of the period covered by the "growth" of the poems.



Mr. Leaf has halted between (1) and (3), but as a matter of fact (3) is practically impossible without (1). For the editor of Pisistratos, working in the sixth century upon the chaotic product of the uncontrolled imagination of five centuries of rhapsodists, could never have produced the Iliad which we know.

The main points are: (1) Do the parts of the Iliad constitute a cohesive whole—have they *unum colorem*? (2) If so, why? Mr. Lang's method of attacking the former problem is, in these days, almost original, so far as the letter led the majority of critics astray from the spirit of Homer. For in two chapters, full of intensely human interest, he analyses the character of Agamemnon, and shows us Homer almost in a new light, as a delineator of character without peer: and, as we read, the unity of the poem becomes a dramatic necessity. No editor, but a poet only, could have drawn such a character. Agamemnon emerges as handsome, kingly, a man of his hands, lacking in no courage save moral courage, but hampered always by an over-tenderness for his people, a complete lack of confidence for the outcome of his venture. His spirits are a moral see-saw: he is ever doubtful of the temper of his army, ever full of solicitude for his brother, obstinate yet vacillating, personally brave, but shrinking from great risks, alternately presuming upon, and very much weighed down by the responsibility of, his position as over-lord of the Achæan host. We would not part with this Agamemnon for all the chopped logic of the destroyers, even were it ten times more consistent than it is.

Such a character, in the hands of a poet of the seventh century, or an editor of the sixth, would have been treated with scant respect. Yet Agamemnon is always the "king of men" with all his faults: he rules by a divine right, which he himself invokes, and which the poet never disputes.

A fine piece of reconstructive criticism is Mr. Lang's restoration of the Books between ii. 483 and xi., and the passage ii. 50-443. It is impossible here to enter into all the details of the argument, but we may summarise it briefly.

Mr. Leaf would divide Books i. and ii. into two portions—even the "Kernel" had its older and its later part. The earlier version contained no dream of Agamemnon, and no promise of Zeus to Thetis. The story went straight on from the quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles to the summoning of an assembly to consider the situation (Bk. ii.). But Thersites, not Agamemnon, opened the debate, and proposed flight. Such a situation would have been intolerable to an aristocratic (= "early") audience.

The second "Kernel" modified the story, by introducing between the quarrel and the assembly the promise of Zeus, and the dream of Agamemnon. But, "skipping" the debate (part of which belongs to the earlier Kernel), Mr. Leaf goes straight on to ii. 443 and makes Agamemnon summon the Achæans to battle, in which he does mighty deeds of valour, though he is, apparently, still garbed as for a peaceful assembly, which has not been held, and is acting on the strength of a dream of which he tells no one. The pieces do not fit.

Moreover the character of Agamemnon demands that the lines so excised should stand. It is part and parcel of the man, that he should be full of hope while still dreaming, but wavering and timid awake: that he should disobey the injunction of the dream, and call that unusual early morning assembly that aroused the excitement and demoralisation which, as Mr. Lang points out, gave Thersites his only possible chance of making himself heard.

Mr. Lang's argument carries far more conviction than this brief survey would indicate, but the best point about it is its human sympathy: he fights hard for the human reality of the heroes of the Iliad.

Nor is his appeal to feudal law less strong, as applied to the dating of the Iliad. The Ionian *jongleurs* were

democrats and lived in a busy commercial *milieu*, where no trace of feudalism lingered. Their chief aim would have been dramatic rapidity, and feudal law was to them and to their audience a sealed book, whose clasp had rusted close. But the poet of the Iliad knows, and lingers over, every detail of feudal procedure, every shade of the feudal power of the over-lord, and has a definite—a first-hand—knowledge of the limits of the allegiance owed by the Achæan princes to Agamemnon. Such details would never have been included in a poem new-made for a democratic audience. They would absolutely be demanded by listeners to whom such procedure, such customs, were the very basis of their social system.

Passing to the archaeology of the poems, Mr. Lang reaches the conclusion that the Homeric people, with its cremation and cairn building, was intermediate between that of the Mycenaean culture, which practised inhumation, and worshipped the dead, and that of the iron-age Dipylon period. And he further infers that the latest "expansion" (if any there be) cannot be later than B.C. 1100-1000. The poems refer to one period, and that a short one, marked by peculiar customs and beliefs, which completely overshadowed, for the time, those more primitive customs and beliefs of the Aegean age, whose vitality reasserts itself in the cyclic poems of a later day.

In the matter of bronze and iron, Mr. Lang steers a middle course. He dwells upon the certain fact that the military metal was bronze, the agricultural, iron: that iron was well known to the Achæans (though not used for military purposes), but almost unknown to the "Mycenaean" civilisation: and that the only iron *weapons* mentioned by Homer are the arrow-head of Pandaros, and a mace, which is characterised as exceptional. From these facts he deduces that the Homeric people were later than the Mycenaeans, but earlier than the fully developed "Iron age"—and that the poet knew this age, and no other. By his handling of the same evidence he rebuts Professor Ridgeway's theory of the Achæans as an iron-armed people conquering by means of their iron weapons a bronze-armed people. For, as he says, if the "Celtic" Achæans conquered the "Pelagians" by virtue of the superiority of their iron weapons over bronze, it is strange that their poet should not give prominence to the instrument of victory.

The vexed question of the shield—as to whether the small round buckler does or does not occur in the Iliad—is treated with the same quiet common sense. Mr. Lang cannot discover that it is present, and from the evidence of the poems, supposes the Homeric shield to be a slight defensive advance upon the Mycenaean shield, the wood and hide being plated with bronze to withstand the superior piercing power of the bronze arrowhead over that of obsidian or flint, and cites the vase of Aristonothos as evidence of the possible existence of the round (*εὐκυκλος πάντος ἐπίση*) shield, large enough to cover the whole body, (*ἀμφιβρότη*) while supposing that round, 8-shaped and semi-cylindrical shields may have co-existed in the transitional civilisation of the Achæans. He pours scorn upon the Reichelien muddle anent the corslet, and asks how "*τεύχεα*" can be made to stand for a shield alone. The great shield, however, was just as necessary as if corslets had not existed, for plainly these were but flimsy affairs. The Homeric equipment, he argues, is perfectly possible, natural, and consistent, and shows no trace of mixed anachronism and archaism on the part of seventh and sixth century rhapsodists.

The chapter on the Doloneia is one of the best in the book. The picture of the chiefs in their dressing-gowns, the young men at the outpost, the tragi-comedy of Dolon with its grim humour, is firmly drawn.

Having answered his first question, "Are the Homeric poems the work of a single age?" in an affirmative backed by closely marshalled evidence, Mr. Lang goes on to answer his second question—"If so, why?" And the answer is startling. After having striven to prove that the latest possible "expansions" of Homer cannot be later

than B.C. 1100-1000, Mr. Lang calmly states his belief that the "text" was written almost from the first. He maintains that if the Iliad was from the first a nobly constructed epic, not a mere collection of Märchen strung together, only writing could preserve it in a form untainted as he believes the known text to be. He traces Greek writing with some certainty as far back as the ninth century, and recalls the Mycenaean and Cretan scripts of pre-Homeric date. We must confess that this chapter has not convinced us as completely as we should like to be convinced. And Mr. Lang does not force the opinion, which does not seem to us to be essential to the completion of his argument.

The use of writing for the conservation of the Epic cannot seem to me to be unlikely, but rather probable; and here one must leave the question, as the subjective element plays so great a part in every man's sense of what is likely or unlikely. That writing cannot have been used for this literary purpose, that the thing is impossible, nobody will now assert.

It is a fascinating book, and a noteworthy. Mr. Lang was born too late to keep the Wolf from the door of the Homeric house, but this championship of Homer will go far to bring the poet's scattered goods together again under one roof, to be the heirlooms of Achaean glory.

### THE QUALITY OF GREATNESS

*Captain James Cook.* By ARTHUR KITSON. (Murray, 15s. net.)

THE other day at Oxford Lord Rosebery discoursed with his accustomed rotundity of phrase on the claims of Cecil Rhodes to fame. Rhodes, it would appear, was pursued by a fear that he would not be reckoned a great man after he had passed away. Apparently, also, he had a profound conviction that he was worthy to be remembered, but to make assurance double sure he devised the scheme of the Rhodes Scholarships. Since then we have had the Whiteley Almshouses, although we have not been informed whether the late Mr. Whiteley had any doubts of his greatness. In both cases we may safely leave to posterity the settlement of a question which in no way concerns this generation. But as the chosen name for Rhodes is "empire builder", and as Lord Rosebery declared that he worked for the British Empire with "sublimity of conception, broad capacity, and unresting energy," the reader of the latest life of Captain Cook, "the Circumnavigator", may be struck by a doubt whether Cook was a great man, and for what after more than a hundred years he remains famous. No greater contrast of means, methods and aims can be imagined than that presented in the careers of Rhodes and Cook. Yet Cook had a very big share in the making possible the present British Empire. But in his day the name of the country for which he was working was England only, or let us say Great Britain and Ireland. And unfortunately for his fame in these high-sounding times of Empire—Empire expansion, Imperial Forces, Britains Oversea and Colonial Conferences—Cook's latest biographer, while a most faithful and painstaking chronicler, is either devoid of the capacity of awe, wonder, and romance which the voyages of Cook excite, or he has put these qualities under severe restraint. So much so that at the end of the book Cook stands forth merely as a most estimable man addicted only at times to a hastiness of temper, a most capable and precise surveyor and navigator, and in short a highly worthy person. To his biographer, the South Seas are the South Seas, places of latitude and longitude, and that is all about it. On such and such a day the navigators land, discover natives, trade with them, entertain them, or fire shot-guns at them, and there you are. What more would you?

Well, Lord Rosebery has a better trick than this for his hero. He declares that Rhodes was not very scrupulous where he could see a clear way of benefiting the Empire; but then (he goes on) the three men who did most to

change the map of Europe in their time—Napoleon, Bismarck, and Cavour—were not overweighted with scruples. By this comparison Rhodes goes amongst the map-changers, map-changing being the peculiar profession of great men; whereas Cook was only a map-maker. And according to this biography, and indeed by all testimony, Cook was a most humane man, scrupulous as to human life, solicitous in the extreme regarding his crew's health and well-being, and so honest in his dealings that when he gathered a number of native spears from the ground as curiosities he left some articles of barter behind to pay for them. Can a man do this and be great? Rhodes, in ampler style, described the famous Raid as an "apple-cart," which Dr. Jameson upset. Obviously there are different paths to greatness.

Let us try Captain James Cook another way. Let us test him through the vision and imagination of the boy, for after all it is the boy in us that makes men great and keeps them famous. What does the boy see? A man from the North country, his father Scots, who begins life as a common sailor, picks up his education as he goes along, by sheer love of the sea and assiduous application becomes a noted and skilful officer in the Navy, and is selected for his outstanding merits to command an expedition to unknown seas to observe the transit of Venus, to discover what he can, and to determine among other things whether there is a great southern continent. For some of the scientific men of the day had decided that in order to keep the balance of this earth true there must be such a continent. In a ship of 368 tons burthen, her name the *Endeavour*, he accordingly sets sail on August 26, 1768, at two o'clock in the afternoon, on the first of his three voyages. His companions, seamen, marines, and scientific men, number no more than ninety-four persons. With these he sails forth for the unknown with nothing between him and all the accidents of earth, air and sea, but his skill, watchfulness and courage, almost the last of the adventurers. In Cook's day the geography of this world of ours was still largely unmapped, at least in any precise sense. And when we consider with what avidity the oldest and most hardened of us peruse the accounts of daring explorers, their tales of pigmies in the African forests, and wondrous cities in Thibet, when we regard the struggle of the most modern man aided by all his appliances of science and experience with the secrets of the two poles, we appreciate as the boy that is in us, or ought to be in us, alone can appreciate the wonderful nature of Captain Cook's achievement. There were explorers before him and navigators after him, but it is doubtful if any man ever pursued his objects with such single-minded devotion to the cause of knowledge. He mapped out coasts with such wonderful precision that his charts remained for long the only trustworthy guides of other mariners, if indeed some of them are even yet superseded.

Above all, Cook was a modest man. Needless to say that amongst the scientific men who accompanied him at one time or another jealousies and rivalries were rife. Although there was no daily press of the kind we have at present to offer large sums for first and exclusive accounts of things discovered or accomplished, there was the same desire for publicity and fame on the part of men to whom Cook was merely a sea-captain and themselves the great spirits of the expedition. Perhaps, in one way, it is a fortunate thing that Cook had not the journalistic sense that everybody who can do anything nowadays is either born with or quickly acquires. But certain it is that there is no boy but wishes that the narrative of his voyages were enlivened by some authentic realisation of the wonders he encountered. This point of view is best satisfied by the late Sir Walter Besant's life of the great circumnavigator. To this present biography may be accorded every praise due to accuracy of statement and careful investigation of facts at first hand and in their original sources. But when all is said and done James Cook, the English Cook, on whom foreign nations look as the greatest



of all navigators and in many respects the founder of England's oversea power and possessions, remains largely a mystery. For one thing he had too little to do with women for us to know him thoroughly. When he was not at sea he was lost to public view in his home. He enjoyed a measure of popularity, and was to be found at dinner-tables, but essentially all that remains of characterisation is that he was a worthy man. There was one woman who in welcoming him back called him "Honey James," and a man who is "honey" to any woman has that in him which makes for knowing him if only he gives it scope on shore and is not a circumnavigator. But the impression left of Cook's life is that he was capable of greater things than even he accomplished. He would have made a great admiral, a great organiser of a fleet, a great Lord of the Admiralty, a great anything where his personal qualities and genius for everything connected with the sea could find scope. The tragedy of his death was a happy one for his fame. Like Nelson he died a victim to the chances of his destiny. And were every detail enlarged upon of the methods by which men acquire millions as Universal Providers or Magnates of Africa, the boy in us would always prefer to be a Captain Cook.

## THE LIBRARY TABLE

*The Real Sir Richard Burton.* By WALTER PHELPS DODGE. (Unwin, 6s. net.)

WE regret that we can say nothing good about this book, except that it is unpretentious. Mr. Dodge's aim, no doubt, was laudable. He has been offended, like every one else, by certain malignant or merely stupid attacks on Burton's life and work, and like every one else has felt the temptation to reply to them. He would have been well advised to resist the temptation; and to have bethought him, like every one else, that when direct misstatements of fact have been corrected—and in this case the responsible press did the work promptly and thoroughly—such attacks are best left undisturbed to the oblivion foreordained for them. They are not worth mention, and should not be mentioned. Mr. Dodge should, further, have asked himself what were his own qualifications for writing a life of Burton. Acquaintance with the facts obtainable through the ordinary channels is not sufficient equipment for the biographer of any man—least of all such a man as Burton; and Mr. Dodge has nothing more. His style, slipshod and commonplace and pointed with a trivial and tasteless jocularity, is the very worst for such a subject: his treatment shows no sign of sympathy with such a mind and character as Burton's. His "real Sir Richard Burton" is no Sir Richard Burton at all, but an abstraction who made certain journeys and wrote certain books. He settles no vexed questions and produces no new information. The fact is that there are only two ways now of writing about this great but difficult matter. One is to give in full, unabbreviated and unbowdlerised, the great Burton legend—telling all the stories, and recording all the deeds. This would be the most fascinating tale of adventure ever written; it should be issued in a limited edition, and all the names should be changed. The other is to write the biography for which we are all longing, but which we shall not live to see. It must be the work of one who is not only a biographer of genius, but has a special understanding of such men as Burton. He must have the judicial faculty of an Eldon, to sift what is true from what is false; the imagination of a Shakespeare, to grasp the greatness and the littleness of that strange mind; the enthusiasm of a Hazlitt, to do justice to the story; the devotion of a Lady Burton, to outlive the shocks and shames that will have to be endured; and the fearlessness of Sir Richard himself, to be strong against all the temptations of public

opinion and the nonconformist conscience. And until such a biographer comes, may the memory of one who was too great for the little western world, rest in peace.

*Dublin.* A Historical and Topographical Account of the City. Written by SAMUEL A. OSSORY FITZPATRICK. Illustrated by W. CURTIS GREEN. (Methuen, 4s. 6d. net.)

THIS, the latest addition to Messrs. Methuen's "Ancient Cities" series, is not only the best book that has so far been written on Dublin—it is the best volume which has yet appeared in the series. It is long, the pages are solid, the type is poor and trying to the eyes, and there is a certain parade of scholarship which is both needless and childish; but in spite of its solidity and a noticeable lack of fluency in the writing, certain chapters fascinate, and the research and knowledge and scrupulous accuracy to which every page bears witness, compel admiration. Save for a few unimportant points on which we are not at one with the author, we have nothing but praise for the book. Mr. Fitzpatrick rightly regards the identification of Dublin with the *Ἐβλῶνα Πόλις* of Ptolemy as open to question; but the city can certainly claim a venerable age, for a primitive settlement at the mouth of the odorous Liffey was captured by the Ostmen in 836 A.D. and named Duv Linn. Olaus Magnus has it that the city was taken by snaring a number of swallows (we wonder how they were snared) and releasing them only after lighted sponges had been attached to their wings, with the result that the thatched roofs were speedily ignited and the houses reduced to ashes. The account may be taken for what it is worth, but it probably gives a fairly accurate picture of Dublin in the ninth century, a period of great literary activity in Ireland. Into its many vicissitudes we have not space to enter. Mr. Fitzpatrick devotes an interesting chapter to Scandinavian Dublin, and he does full justice to the Cathedral; on the other hand, the space devoted to T. C. D. is scarcely adequate. Social life in Dublin was at its best, perhaps, in the eighteenth century, but the city can claim many distinguished sons—Swift, Burke, Moore, Mangan, Wolfe, Sheridan, Maturin, Southerne, Lever, Lover, Le Fanu, Steele, and numerous others—and at least two world-famous daughters: George Ann Bellamy and "Peg" Woffington. The history of the Dublin stage is a long and interesting one, and the chapter which Mr. Fitzpatrick devotes to it is one of the best in an excellent and informing book. The first Dublin theatre was erected in Werburgh Street in 1635 by a Scotsman named John Ogilby, Deputy-Master of Revels under the Earl of Strafford, and a year after its opening passed into the hands of James Shirley. From that date down to the end of the nineteenth century, when stock companies were abandoned, Dublin figures prominently in the history of the drama, and Mr. Fitzpatrick has done full justice to it.

*Concepts of Monism.* By A. WORSLEY. (Unwin, 21s. net.)

TO those who base their acquaintance of Monism on the speculative theories of Spinoza, or on the more material views of Haeckel, as expounded in his book under that title, this work of Mr. Worsley will come as something of a surprise. It is at once more fundamental, more thorough, and less empirical than anything that has hitherto been written on the subject. There is a strong tendency in our age to look down upon metaphysics as of no importance. The author says that we are told such things lie outside the scope of human thought and should be classed as unknowable; we are abjured to leave such matters alone and to tread the paths of the Knowable, the field of facts and actualities open to the record of our senses. But there is a fascination, amounting in some cases quite legitimately, almost to an obsession, in the delving for and recording all possible information which may help towards forming certain definite conclusions.

The whole argument as to the actuality of facts and allegations is virtually an argument in a circle; "the Object appears because the Subject records; because the Subject records therefore the Object is." Mr. Worsley touches upon the concepts of Christianity, Taoism, Buddhism, Positivism, Agnosticism, Nihilism, the Eleatic philosophy, and Totalism, besides dealing with the views set forth by Max Müller, Renan, Berkeley, Ostwald, Hume, Schopenhauer, Kant, and Bastian. His point of view is broad and he sets forth his arguments with much particularity and detail. Whether we agree or not with the conclusions of his concepts, he must at least be credited with much diligent research in the production of an interesting work.

### THE SOLUTION OF THE CENSORSHIP PROBLEM

THE ACADEMY, in taking up the question of the censorship of the stage in England, has done no more than its duty in the position it has lately taken as an organ of *belles lettres*. Most literary papers conceive it to be their duty to express all the popular prejudices and corrupt interests which enslave literature, and to give their earnest and thoroughly intimidated support to the Philistine assumption that every artist, especially every artist connected with the stage, is an agent of the devil. That this assumption may in certain cases be sufficiently sound to have a salutary effect need not be denied; and I should not complain of it if it were impartially applied to all the professions with due regard to the patent fact that the stage tests character more severely than the pulpit, and far more severely than the exchange and the counting-house or the routine of fashion. But unfortunately it is coupled with another assumption which is monstrous and intolerable. And that assumption is that any person who is not connected with the theatre or the fine arts is competent to supervise them despotically in the interests of public morality, just as any tramp is considered competent to hold a horse.

This is the Achilles heel of our present censorship. All the rest is invulnerable. It is quite possible to conduct a theatre in such a fashion as to make the stage a mere shop-window for the brothel. Theatres have been and still are so conducted, though they are all licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, and cannot dress their shop-window without paying him two guineas for certifying that the display "does not in its general tendency contain anything immoral or otherwise improper for the Stage." Actors, actresses, authors and managers—clever ones too—can be found who have absolutely no conscience as to the class of mind to which they appeal. They accept in its fullest dishonour the postulate that "the drama's laws the drama's patrons give, etc." It is useless to urge on their behalf that their profession exacts from them more industry, self-control and nervous energy than a church living: the same may be said of burglary. A wise control of the stage by the community is very much to be desired indeed; and the mischief of the present situation lies, not in the existence of such a control, but in its utter defeat by the false and silly pretence that the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain supplies it. But there you have our national habit: if we have no good generals we pretend that the least imbecile one we have is a Cæsar or a Hannibal; if we cannot find a Bismarck or a Cavour we draw disparaging comparisons between them and Sir Edward Grey or Lord Lansdowne; our best bishop is always a Bossuet, our Lord Chancellor always a Selden, our first Lord of the Treasury always a Solon. And by dint of pretending that the King's Reader of Plays, a very typical West End gentleman, is half Ste. Beuve, half St. Thomas Aquinas, and wholly and divinely good and omniscient, we have provoked an infuriated reaction in which Mr. Redford is dragged down to earth and

accused of having been employed in a bank, the implication being that no antecedent could be more infamous.

Now I do not agree with this view. I had rather be censured by a man with one day's practical experience of banking than by a university professor of literature. Besides, as Mr. Redford is eligible for the jury list, and may possibly have to decide some day whether I shall be hanged or not, it is useless to disparage his competence to discharge any possible judicial function under the sun. The question is, is the censure of plays a possible judicial function? I submit that it is not. I do not see how any censorship in the world can pretend to higher authority, more imposing prestige, and greater personal austerity than the Roman Catholic Church. Yet all that Church has been able to do is to reduce the institution of censorship to the wildest absurdity. The truth is that no book or play would ever be published or performed at all if it were really thoroughly censored. The Roman Catholic Church puts Darwin on the Index; but it goes still farther with the Bible, which it resolutely keeps on a top shelf beyond the reach of its average laity. Mr. Redford has been accused of intolerance: I accuse him of gross laxness. I do not reproach him for refusing to license *Mrs. Warren's Profession*: I ask him how he can defend his licence for *Man and Superman*, *The Philanderer*, *Candida*, and even the innocently popular *You Never Can Tell*. There is not one of my plays that is not boiling over with sedition, blasphemy, and even impropriety, as the word is used by governesses and censors. What is more, my plays differ from the average English stage play only in adding the sedition and blasphemy to the universal impropriety; and this difference will vanish as soon as it becomes common for playwrights to have political and religious convictions, and therefore to be capable of sedition and blasphemy: that is, of taking part in the constantly necessary work of clearing away superstition from politics and religion. Now Mr. Redford, far from insisting on his duties, is always publicly swallowing bucketfuls of impropriety. Some twelve years ago Mrs. Ebbsmith declared on the stage that all the great public women of England are rakes at heart, and that the one supreme moment of their lives is not when they carry some social reform, but when, by putting on very low necked dresses, they induce some worthless person of the other sex to court them. Mr. Redford certified that Mrs. Ebbsmith was quite in order; and since then the stage has been given over openly to teaching that there is only one passion, the appetite of sex, and that intellectual, moral, social passion, is revolting, unnatural, and hopelessly undramatic. Mr. Redford now spends his life in licensing that lesson, not only when it is implied, but when it is expressly inculcated. I protest against this. I call on Mr. Redford to do his duty thoroughly and consistently, and sweep the British drama from the stage. Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Sutro, and Mr. Barrie, are even less defensible than Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Masefield, Mr. St. John Hankin, Mr. Charles McEvoy and myself. Away with us all: there is not room in the world for us and a Censorship. Our suppression is what Mr. Redford is there for. It is what he is paid for.

But does he do it? Not he. If he did there would be no theatre; and if there were no theatre there would be no fees for the censor.

Mark the dilemma. If Mr. Redford abolishes the drama he abolishes himself. If he tolerates the drama he abolishes himself equally; for a censor who does not censure is as useless as a censor who has nothing to censure. Under these circumstances what can he do to save himself but invent a set of rules to fasten on the theatrical game, and establish himself as umpire in a vestal white smock to decide whether the authors are in or out according to his rules. As to the value of these rules for keeping the stage decent, I can only say that I could easily write a play which no manager would dare to



offer to any audience, and get Mr. Redford's licence for it. In fact, I have tried in vain to induce respectable journals to expose the absurdity of the censorship by describing the unmentionable things that have been actually done on the stage under his licence and that of his predecessor, both of them perfectly well intentioned, reputable, responsible English gentlemen, with a mortal terror of shocking public opinion on the one hand, and offending the Court on the other.

Still, the very uselessness of the rules, and the easily mastered conventions by which any adroit blackguard can circumvent them, keeps the relations of the censorship with the theatre smooth in most cases. Nobody can possibly accuse Mr. Redford of being straitlaced: on the contrary, he may justly boast that the English theatre has never, whether after the Restoration or at any other period, been more licentious than it is under his supervision. The pandars and amusement-mongers and their managers have nothing but praise and support for him. But playwrights are not always mere pandars and amusement-mongers: they are sometimes poets and prophets. They speak with kings not as the Lord Chamberlain does, but as Shemaiah spoke with Rehoboam or Daniel with Darius. They enter the temples not as Mr. Redford goes to morning service on Sunday, but as the founder of his church entered to drive out the money-changers. They fall on the shrinking respectability of the suburbs; drag the skeletons out of the closets; and unmask the secrets of the alcove. They play the very deuce with the comfortable little conspiracies of silence and collusions of reciprocal advertisement which have been calling themselves patriotism, statesmanship, religion, democracy, and above all, good taste. Imagine poor Mr. Redford being asked to make himself responsible for such proceedings! Imagine him having to certify Shemaiah and Daniel as fit and proper persons to attend levées; to issue a warrant for the expulsion of the money-changers; to back the moral bills drawn on the conscience of the world by Tolstoy; to ordain grim Ibsen as an apostle to London; to lead the laughter at the terrible two-edged jests of Oscar Wilde; to hold open the bedroom door whilst Brieux tears the sheets from the middle-class marriage bed; and to pledge his honour that I, the author of *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, am qualified to bring the words spoken on the cross and set down in the creed to life again on the stage in the mouths of Major Barbaras and Doña Anas and the like! Imagine his agony when a play by any of these authors comes in! What is he to do? On the one hand he is beset by the terror of their reputations, by his own modesty, his glimpses of their meaning, his appreciation of their art. On the other, his social habits and class prejudices, his superstitions, his inexpertness in philosophy and sociology, his knowledge that what shocks or irks him will shock or irk large sections of his world ten times more, his fear of being sacrificed if he makes a mistake, his daily exposure to honest attacks in the press by scandalised archdeacons, and dishonest ones by journalists of the baser sort. Between such buffeting cross-currents within and without, how is any ordinary representative English gentleman to find his way? What can he do but appeal to the revolutionary authors and their managers to remember that they are gentlemen, and that their shocking expressions will give pleasure to none and pain to many? When that appeal fails, he falls back on his rules until they are technically broken. When they are, the question is whether the author's reputation is strong enough to make the rules ridiculous. If the author is not yet fashionable, and the manager not yet popular, the licence is refused. Tolstoy is banned until the *Times* publishes articles by him and treats him as a great man. Then the *Dominion of Darkness* is licensed. The Stage Society is contemptuously refused a licence for *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont* and *Maternité*. The plays are performed nevertheless; and the notices reveal the fact that Brieux is no obscure foreign outsider but a considerable figure in European

literature. Accordingly *Les Hanneçons*, which is a much less austere play and does not contain a single legally married couple (except the concierge), is licensed, save for one observation made by the illicitly domesticated heroine to the effect that men shrink so from seducing innocent girls that to secure a protector it is necessary to pretend to previous experience. In what way the play is "purified" by being robbed of this testimony to some sort of conscience among censurable persons I cannot guess; nor could the Stage Society, which gave an unlicensed performance sooner than omit this touch of grace. But that is the censorship all over. It does not prohibit what it calls scenes of vice: on the contrary, it licenses them. But it will not allow any true or sensible word to be spoken about them. The libertine and his mistress may appear on the stage in one another's arms, with the lady experimenting as to the most susceptible spot on which to plant a kiss; and the audience may chuckle or shrink; but the moment the author demands that the woman shall strike home with the moral on the conscience of the audience whilst their sensibilities are excited by the scene, the censorship declares that decency forbids, and that only the illusions and allurements of illicit intercourse are permissible on the stage. You may represent debauchery; but you may not mention syphilis. You may make fun with a "group marriage"; but you must not show that in our society it lands the children of the marriage in incest. There is no objection whatever to Mrs. Warren on the score of her being a procuress: the procuress is a stock figure in the melodrama of the innocent heroine from the country: it is her explanation of the way in which society manufactures procuresses that is forbidden. You may at this moment see on the stage of the Duke of York's Theatre a man regaining the lost affection of his wife, and checkmating her lover, by taking her to a restaurant in the character of a cocotte and plying her with wine and aphrodisiacs; but if you want to see a play in which a woman tells the truth about a husband of that sort, and has to face the ultimate consequences of his conduct and her attitude towards it, you must go to Germany; for Mr. Redford licenses Sardou's *Divorçons* and declares that he will never license Ibsen's *Ghosts*.

Enough of instances: the demoralisation wrought by the censorship is too glaring, too ghastly, to need much illustrating. It is no doubt a well-meant institution; and nobody questions the good intentions of the Lord Chamberlain and Mr. Redford; but the fact remains that it debauches the stage, and hinders nothing except on the one hand such unbearable indecency as public prudery would hinder more effectually without it, and, on the other, every attempt to moralise the constant pre-occupation of the theatre with sex relations.

Fortunately there is a crowning absurdity about our censorship which enables us to show a free stage working side by side in England with a censored one. The theory of the Lord Chamberlain's department is—as might be expected—that the world is going from bad to worse; that every decade sees a deplorable falling off in manners, in morals, in propriety, in decency. Also, that all Lord Chamberlains are infallible. It follows that a play once licensed is licensed for ever. To Congreve and Wycherley the censor says:

Ibsen abides our question: ye are free

The appalling rubbish-heap of murder, lust, incest, adultery, and debauchery which the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have left in the British theatre is free of Mr. Redford, and can be produced to-morrow by anybody who has a taste for it. Pericles of Tyre, incest, brothel, and all, is at the disposal of any one with money enough to open a theatre. Mercutio can chaff the nurse, Hamlet can entertain Ophelia with *double entendre*, Lucio can rally Mistress Overdone, with all the unspeakable badinage which Shakespeare set down for his stagecourtiers and gentlemen. Do we find that this freedom is abused?

On the contrary, the old plays are positively over-bowdlerised by our managers.\*

If a further proof of the superfluity of Mr. Redford is needed, go to the smaller provincial towns where there is only one theatre for all classes; and listen to a performance of the latest London farcical or musical comedy. You will find all the improper quips, though duly licensed by Mr. Redford, either omitted or else purposely made unintelligible. The difficulty on the stage at present is not to save audiences from being shocked, but to induce managers and actors to shock them when it is for their good and that of society that they should be shocked, as it generally is in England about three times a week on one subject or another.

Finally, the alternative to a censorship is not anarchy. If it were, there would be a good deal to be said for it, as the toleration of a hundred depraved plays is a less evil than the suppression, or, worse still, the abortion (and it is abortion that usually happens) of one noble one. Besides, who is to judge, in the first terror of it, whether any movement away from the normal is a movement ahead or astern? As well pretend to survey an earthquake. However, the alternative is not anarchy, but the police. It is easy to say that the stage should be as free as the press; but I want it to be more free. I have not forgotten the persecution of those who attempted to publish Zola in this country. One of its effects is that no English publisher so far will touch Brieux. The police do not meddle with the theatre now: the censorship takes that institution off the official conscience. But if the censorship were simply abolished, the persecution of art which rages at present in America, where Mr. Anthony Comstock earns a large salary from a private society by conducting police raids on literature, painting, the drama, life studies in art schools, schoolgirl theatricals by Vassar students who play the male parts in breeches, and every sort of human activity in which a naked ankle is "suggestive" (all America seems to be hissing with this disgusting word), and lumping them in with the seven thousand tons of obscene postcards which he boasts of having destroyed. With all respect to those who vote for the abolition of the censorship *sans phrase*, I prefer Mr. Redford to Mr. Comstock, and the Lord Chamberlain to Holy Willie.

Further, I cannot deny that when the music-halls were virtually unregulated, they were vile and dull beyond anything that London can now conceive, and that when they had to justify themselves to the County Council against the very timely objections of Sir John M'Dougall, they improved enormously, and, as a consequence, paid enormously. I do not see why the London west-end theatres, like the suburban ones, should not be regulated in the same way. The authority of the Council would be an effectual bulwark against Comstockery, which could not act directly through the police, but would have to convince the majority of the Council before the very serious step of refusing to renew a licence could be taken. The Council has never yet been without influential and eloquent members who are incapable of mistaking Ibsen, Tolstoy and Brieux for disorderly foreigners acting as the literary *souteneurs* of a debauched theatre, and who are sufficiently versed in social problems and interested in their solution to know that plays like *Mrs. Warren's Profession* and *Maternité* are necessary correctives to *Divorçons*, *Lord and Lady Algy*, and *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, in which the morals of the Mediterranean pleasure cities are accepted as the whole of human nature. They would also understand that whether the authors and managers mean it or not, drama without propaganda is impossible, and that the most thoughtless author is

propagating his levity as inevitably as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Tolstoy propagate their seriousness. The notion that the Ascot-Hurlingham-Monte Carlo view of life should be shown on every stage with its bright side turned to the footlights, whilst the Lock Hospital, the abortionist's nursing home, the sweater's den, the prostitute's promenade, and all the incidents of the vain struggle of the policeman and the Rescue Lady with the results of waste, idleness, and political imbecility must be suppressed as "loathsome," may seem perfectly natural and nice to Mr. Redford and Lord Althorp; but it will not impose on councillors who have to sit weekly on committees grappling with these matters at close quarters.

On the whole, since freedom is a dream, give me the municipality as the best censor within reach. The municipality will not read plays and forbid or sanction them. It will give the manager both liberty and responsibility. He objects to both; but that is an additional reason for forcing them on him. Let him manage as he pleases, knowing that if he produces utterly vile plays, he will find himself without a defender in council when the question comes up as to whether his licence shall be continued. He will know also that those plays which provoke the silliest outcries from socially ignorant people make the deepest impression on socially conscientious and artistically cultivated people, and therefore are never without defenders important enough to protect their producers from being deliberately ruined by a large representative public authority.

It will be observed that I speak of licensing the manager, not licensing the theatre. By all means let theatres be licensed as at present on the strength of their safety in case of fire, sanitary accommodation, etc. etc. But let the manager also have his personal licence apart from the theatre. One of the first conditions of licensing a novice should be that he shall prove his possession of the means to pay all salaries and retire solvent at the end of, say, a fortnight, if his enterprise fail. That, and such ordinary proof of respectability as is required from all applicants for privileges, whether they be eminent historians seeking admission to the British Museum Reading Room or peddlers and beerhouse keepers, should entitle him (or her) to begin. He would then pursue his profession like other professional men, free to practise according to his best judgment, but also conscious that his licence might be revoked if he proved scandalously unworthy of it, leaving him stranded with silenced priests, broken officers, disbarred councillors, struck-off solicitors, and undischarged bankrupts. The production of a certificate from Mr. Redford or from some eighteenth-century predecessor of Mr. Redford's would not protect him in the least. On the other hand, he might shock Mr. Redford to his heart's content without hurting himself, unless Mr. Redford could convey the shock to seventy robust County Councillors, all keenly conscious of the seriousness of ruining a man of business—not merely strangling a work of art. Under such circumstances Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker might produce any play by Brieux, by Ibsen, by Tolstoy, by Shelley, or, may I venture to hope? even by me, without the slightest risk of losing their licence in consequence. On the other hand, the managers who now so easily circumvent Mr. Redford's rules, and obtain his certificates for apparently harmless and silly prompt books which develop on the stage into coarse and vicious exhibitions which are not defended by any one concerned, either on the stage or off, would have to justify themselves in council if one of our English Comstocks challenged them.

The problem raised by Comstockery is how to enable Mr. Comstock to destroy obscene postcards without also giving him power to insist on a cummerbund for the Hermes of Praxiteles and a blouse for the Venus of Milo. Also how to checkmate an attempt to revive the Judge and Jury and the Poses Plastiques of the Leicester Square of 1870 without checkmating Brieux and Ibsen as well.

\* We talk of Bowdler nowadays as if he were an English Anthony Comstock, because nobody except Mr. Swinburne and myself reads him before writing about him. As a matter of fact every Shakespearean manager in London unconsciously bowdlerises Bowdler, who, though he blue-pencilled anything that seemed to him irreligious, was remarkably free from middle-class squeamishness on other subjects.



There is no immediately available way of doing this except compelling Mr. Comstock to obtain the consent of a majority of the municipality before he can suppress anybody or anything. He could get that consent easily enough in cases of unquestioned obscenity. In cases where he was simply out of his depth in art or morals he would have no chance. I see no better solution within our reach. As to setting the theatre free at the cost of also setting Comstockery free to rush to the police-court every day for a warrant, ask the first cultivated American you meet whether ten Lord Althorps and fifty Mr. Redfords would not be better than that. We want, not anarchy and the police, but reasonable liberties in return for reasonable guarantees.

And let Mr. Redford's doom be a handsome pension, and leisure to write the perfectly moral plays he has failed to extract from the rest of us.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

## CONTEMPORARY FRANCE

In the columns of a Paris daily paper M. Gabriel Hanotaux gave, a couple of days ago, his estimate of the present political situation in France, with particular reference to the violent dissensions which at present divide the south from the north. His article is entitled "Bourgeoise et Democratie," and after quoting Bismarck's dictum that the French democracy should be allowed to "stew in its own gravy," he points out that population in France is diminishing, the public wealth (as proved by the legacy duties) is declining, social peace is menaced, the army is losing cohesion and discipline, the national bond is weakening; by aiming at moral union moral disunion has been amplified, the peace of consciences has been troubled, patriotism has been cast into the limbo of "old guitars," and a veil thrown over the "Statue of Liberty." M. Hanotaux further reminds his readers that when the Republican State was founded in 1875 by the authors of the Constitution, their master, Gambetta, defined the work in these terms, "The Constitution consecrates the union of the Bourgeoisie and the Proletariat,"—or as we should put it of the middle and the artisan classes. He adds that the bourgeoisie, by a very clever and supple adaptation of the new ideas to its conceptions and interests, succeeded in harnessing to its cause that solid "cheval de renfort" which is Universal Suffrage, and has been driving the cart ever since, so that it has itself to blame for any disappointments and failures that may have resulted.

That the democracy after stewing for thirty-three years in its own gravy is now definitely cooked does not seem to be M. Hanotaux's opinion altogether. This fate he is more inclined to adjudge to the middle class of France, who were the originators of the Republican constitution as it stands. The third volume of his "France Contemporaine," a translation of which ("Contemporary France," Constable) is now before us, gives in a brief but pregnant *resumé* the history of the events which led up to the definite adoption by France of those democratic institutions which, owing to the short-sightedness and selfishness of the bourgeoisie, are now in the opinion of M. Hanotaux, menaced in their very existence.

The Republic in France was voted by a majority of one. A Republic, but nominal only, without authority or belief in itself, had been established since the fall of the Second Empire, but its acknowledged rôle had been to prepare its own effacement by a restoration of the Monarchy. That this task failed of accomplishment was due to dissensions among the various Monarchist parties. The Bonapartists were naturally at daggers drawn with the Legitimists, and the Orleanists were led by statesmen, eminently straightforward and capable in affairs, such as the Duc Decazes and the Duc de Broglie, but without the personal initiative which would have enabled them to

take prompt decision at critical moments. They were lacking also in foresight, and believed until actually confronted with the fact of their own failure that the democratic party, headed by Gambetta, was sure of defeat. "In order to explain the conduct of the Right at that critical hour" (when the Republic was voted) "we must take into account," says M. Hanotaux, a "short-sighted obstinacy, sometimes mistaken for loyalty, and finally that habit, too general with the race, of postponing difficulties until the morrow. Where an American would say 'Forward!' a Frenchman says 'Patience!' Patience too often means sufferance. The country still suffers, after so many years, from decisions full of indecisions." This is a criticism, we may be permitted to remark, which applies to other parties than the French Royalists and to other countries than France:

In this period of French history [explains M. Hanotaux on another page (his third volume covers the years 1874 to 1877)] the drama consists in the slow suicide of the "ruling classes" under the latent or direct pressure of Universal Suffrage.

The deduction therefore is that universal suffrage, guided by the middle classes, tends to disastrous results, the remedy for which, M. Hanotaux in his recently published article, "Bourgeoisie et Democratie," defines as follows:

What is needed for the coming ages is more profound and more real political education, and, since there has been a lack of soul, a greater breadth of soul. Thirty years ago the people, overwhelmed by the mistakes of a dictatorship, were taught mistrust of power, hatred of authority even when exercised by itself over itself. Jules Ferry said, quoting Proudhon, "France needs a weak government." To-day experience has widened; the times are changed. Since the masses are the masters henceforward and probably for ever, they ought to take exact cognisance of what the State is, that is to say of the sum of the sacrifices which they ought to make to their own well-being, conversation and stability. Above all "that which exists" must subsist. Empty phrases must be renounced, as well as fallacious programmes and deceptive entities. To imagine that Justice, Truth, Fortune are nymphs hidden in some mysterious place where a heroic legislator, having bestridden Pegasus, will be able to reach and deliver them, is a fairy-story born of the old manuals in which we learned our first lessons as schoolboys. Men are true, just, and better if they begin by reforming themselves. Here is the true programme.

This however (let it be said incidentally) is not a programme at all; but that M. Hanotaux should have no more practical counsels to give for the salvation of his countrymen is typical both of the historian and the examiner: Frenchmen, by reforming themselves—in what direction M. Hanotaux, and therein he shows his prudence, does not precisely indicate—would not necessarily solve the complex social problems which distract France at the present moment, and are a cause of equal bewilderment to neighbouring nations.

It is obvious, in fact, to any student of contemporary events in France that the sum of the self-sacrifice which the modern Frenchman is prepared to offer upon the altar of Democracy is great indeed. His devotion to Republican institutions becomes with every General Election more clearly pronounced and undivided. He submits with real heroism to an obligatory military service, which, by the very reason of its democratic spirit is peculiarly onerous and repulsive, and he accepts almost cheerfully that most offensive of all forms of government, the government of the individual by the individual, the tyranny of unlicensed private opinion, forging the name of public opinion, the anarchical arrogance which on one occasion, within our experience, inspired a Paris cabman when told to drive to the rue Blomet scornfully to refuse the fare with the remark: "Peut on demeurer à la rue Blomet!" If, as M. Hanotaux tells us, France is actually in a parlous state, the probabilities are that her political leaders and State administrators have proved mentally or morally unequal to their self-imposed task of guiding the national destinies aright and disloyal to those very Republican principles which have borne them to power. That it is the fault of the individual Frenchman there is no evidence to prove. On the contrary M. Hanotaux's third volume supplies ample material to show that, in spite of the apprehension with

the *bourgeoisie* as well as the Royalists regarded Universal Suffrage, the voice of the people when it was able to make itself heard, was pitched at a much more moderate diapason, and in much more rational accents than either its foes or its friends had anticipated. M. Hanotaux demonstrates in his "France Contemporaine" that it is the middle classes, or *bourgeoisie*, who have taken the Republic prisoner, as it were, and monopolised its institutions for the furtherance of their own particular aims. In so doing, they have merely continued the policy which they pursued so successfully during the Revolution, a movement executed by the proletariat of that time from which, however, the middle classes, who secretly inspired it, alone profited. During the thirty-three years which have elapsed since the Republic was established in France, it is the middle classes, which have, as M. Hanotaux admits, led Universal Suffrage by the nose. They secured the helm of Liberalism when that seemed to be the winning boat, and now that Socialism has forged ahead they would like to captain that vessel too. This determination of the *bourgeoisie* to retain possession of the reins whatever may be the nominal destination of the coach accounts for much of the present and recent friction between political parties in France, and for the paralysing effect which the outbreak of the Southern wine-growing populations—a real proletariat in this case—has produced upon the Clemenceau Ministry. Hitherto, whenever the *bourgeoisie* needed the support and approval of Universal Suffrage for some measure which was not really to the universal national interest, such as the Disestablishment of the Church, the secularisation of schools, it has been customary to spread the report that the Republic was threatened in its very existence. Stories of plots against Democracy were invented, distributed from official sources and dutifully swallowed by a peasantry serenely ignorant and largely indifferent. A Republic which has been voted by a majority of only one, was justified in claiming a certain instability and using its weakness as a weapon of offence. But it is hardly possible that this trick can be again played in dealing with the demands of the Southern wine-growers. Here we have Republicans fighting Republicans, a revolt of manual labour against the *bourgeoisie*. Certainly the Republic has not since its constitution in 1874 been threatened by any such serious complication as this, which seems destined to date a very important phrase in the history of contemporary France. And if as M. Hanotaux says the ruling classes were in the period of 1874 to 1877 slowly committing suicide before Universal Suffrage, presumably the process still continues and the rebellion of the South but signalises the beginning of the end. In other words, it would seem that the middle classes are destined at no far-off period to disappear as the rulers of the French Republic. Such a change might not be altogether to its disadvantage.

### BEACONSFIELD AS PLAGIARIST

THE other day there was sold in London the original manuscript of Disraeli's speech in the House of Commons on the death of the Duke of Wellington. The manuscript was original enough, but the subject-matter was not quite as original as the manuscript, and this revives an old story.

Dizzy was one of the greatest plagiarists of modern times, but he did his literary borrowing in scientific fashion. In 1852 he was called on to deliver an oration on the Duke of Wellington. This is how he acquitted himself, only a short extract being given him from a great speech, copied into nearly every paper in the United Kingdom:

It is not that a great general must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, adroit in the management of men; that he must be able to fulfil the highest duty of a minister of State, and then to descend to the humblest office of a commissary and a clerk; but he

has to display all the knowledge, and to exercise all those duties at the same time and under extraordinary circumstances. . . . To be able to think with vigour, with depth and with clearness in the recesses of the cabinet is a great intellectual demonstration; but to think with equal vigour, clearness and depth amidst the noise of bullets appears to me the loftiest exercise and most complete triumph of the human faculties.

This is very fine, and the language is worth comparing with that in a passage in a speech delivered in 1829 by Thiers in the French Senate on the death of Marshal St. Cyr:

An engineer, a geographer, a man of the world, a metaphysician, knowing men, an administrator in great things, a clerk in small—all these things it is necessary to be, but these are yet nothing. All this vast knowledge must be exercised on the instant in the midst of extraordinary circumstances. . . . To think in the quiet of one's cabinet, clearly, strongly, nobly, this undoubtedly is great; but to think as clearly, as strongly, as nobly in the midst of carnage and fire is the most perfect exercise of the human faculties.

Wasn't it Sheridan who once declared: "The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts"? On this occasion it looked as if another right honourable gentleman was indebted for his facts, not to his *imagination*, but to his *memory*.

As was said at the time:

The Duke of Wellington has experienced the vicissitudes of either fortune, and his calamities were scarcely less conspicuous than the homage which he ultimately received. He was pelted by a mob. He braved the dagger of Cantillon. The wretched Capefigue even accused him of peculation. But surely it was the last refinement of insult that his funeral oration, pronounced by the official chief of the English Parliament should be stolen word for word from a trashy panegyric on a second-rate French marshal.

But the impenetrable Disraeli never even smiled or "winked the other eye" over the plagiaristic accusation. And it was the manuscript of this notorious speech which, along with some letters, has been sold for one hundred and one pounds.

In 1880 Lord Beaconsfield received ten thousand pounds for a novel called "Endymion" (George Eliot got the same sum, it is stated, for "Romola"), in which the following passage appeared:

On one morning the great Cloudland Company, of which he was chairman, gave their approval of twenty-six Bills, which he immediately introduced into Parliament. Next day the Ebor and North Cloudland sanctioned six Bills under his advice, and affirmed deeds and agreements which affected all the principal railway projects in Lancashire and Yorkshire. A quarter of an hour later, just time to hurry from the meeting to another, where he was always received with rampant enthusiasm, Newcastle and the extreme North accepted his dictatorship. During a portion of two days he obtained the consent of shareholders to forty Bills, involving an expenditure of ten millions.

This piece of history cost Beaconsfield's publisher a pound sterling per line. Four years previous to its appearance, Irving, in his "Annals of the Time," got a penny a line for the following piece of *original* history:

Under his (Hudson's) direction the shareholders in the Midland Company gave their approval to twenty-six Bills which they had presented in Parliament. On the following Monday, at 10 o'clock, the York and North Midland sanctioned six Bills, and affirmed various deeds and agreements affecting the Manchester and Leeds and Hull and Selby Companies. Fifteen minutes later he induced the Newcastle and Darlington Company to approve of seven Bills and accompanying agreements, and at 10.30 took his seat as controlling power at the Board of the Newcastle and Berwick. During a portion of two days he obtained the consent of shareholders to forty Bills, involving an expenditure of £10,000,000.

The sole difference between Irving and Beaconsfield appears to be the discrepancy in the sum paid for the composition of the lines and between "£10,000,000" and "ten millions."

In 1837 Disraeli published "Venetia," and in this novel we read:

The slightest re-action in the self-complacency that was almost unceasingly stimulated by the applause of applauded men and the love of the loveliest women. . . . Cadurcis was, indeed, as we have already described him, the spoiled child of society; a froward and petted



darling, not always to be conciliated by kindness, but furious when neglected or controlled.

It is somewhat strange that seven years before this passage was penned, a then comparatively unknown *litterateur* called Macaulay had written the two following sentences in an article on Moore's "Life of Byron," in the *Edinburgh Review*:

Everything that could stimulate and everything that could justify the strongest propensities of our nature—the gaze of a hundred drawing-rooms, the exclamations of the whole nation, the applause of applauded men, the love of the loveliest women. . . . Society, capricious in its indignation as it had been capricious in its fondness, flew into a rage with its froward and petted darling.

Another long passage appears almost verbatim in both works.

In another of his works Disraeli coolly appropriated as his own, Bacon's assertion in his "Essay of Great Place; "Ask counsel of both times—of the ancient times that which is best, of the modern times, that which is fittest"; and in another place stole the famous saying of Lord Shaftesbury: "Men of sense are all of the same religion." But I am not done with Dizzy.

In 1841 a certain David Urquhart in his "Diplomatic Transactions," wrote:

It is in this midnight of your intoxication that I declare to you an awakening of bitterness—it is at this springtide of your joy that I tell you that an ebb of troubles is at hand.

Five years later, in a speech on the Corn Laws (May 15, 1846), Mr. Disraeli delivered himself of the following original literary gem:

It may be in vain now, in the midnight of their intoxication, to tell them that there will be an awakening of bitterness; it may be idle now, in the springtide of their economic frenzy, to warn them that there may be an ebb of trouble.

Again, Dizzy is generally credited with having originated the phrases, "men of light and leading" and "peace with honour." In "Popanilla," Disraeli wrote: "A public man of light and leading"; but Burke, in his "Letter to a Member of the National Assembly," had previously written: "The men of England—the men, I mean, of light and leading." Then "Peace with honour" was the phrase used by Lord Beaconsfield on his return from the Berlin Conference on the Eastern Question in July 1878. But in a book by Sir Antony Weldon, "The Court and Character of King James," 1650, we read:

He had rather spend £10,000 on Embassies to keep or procure peace with dishonour than £10,000 on an army that would have forced peace with honour.

Once again, Disraeli made a big hit with his famous reference to "the exhausted volcanoes" in his speech at Manchester in 1872. But John Wilkes had previously confessed, "I am a burnt-out volcano." Taxed with the plagiarism, Dizzy coolly remarked: "Thanks, it looks like a crib; but it is the first time I knew Wilkes ever said anything worth repeating and fit for publication." It was "worth repeating," however, by the Lord of Hughenden; and therefore it is quite fit for re-publication.

Here is my final shot at the champion plagiarist. Dizzy on one occasion described the uncouth gesticulations of Beresford-Hope as "The contortions but not the inspirations of the sibyl," forgetting that Burke had preceded him when he declared, over Croft's imitation of the style of Boswell, that "It has all the contortions of the sibyl without the inspiration."

No doubt Beaconsfield had his "reasons" for the expropriations. These were well hit off in an imaginary colloquy which took place in the Disraeli Cabinet, according to the *Daily News* of July 1874:

LORD MALMESBURY. Beautiful!

LORD SALISBURY. Beautiful, perhaps; but isn't it Bolingbroke?

MR. DISRAELI. Is it? I really cannot say at this moment. The words may be Bolingbroke's, but the thought is my own. Invention, as some philosophers have contended, is only memory with an application. I remember and apply, and therefore invent. It is the privilege of our predecessors to furnish the moulds of words in which the original genius of a later date may flow. This has always been the

principle on which I have acted as a writer and speaker. I do not cease to be myself because I put on the clothes of Thiers, or Macaulay, or, as now, if you are right—and you may be—of Bolingbroke.

GEORGE STRONACH.

## LITERATURE AND STOCKS

HAS it struck any number of people that the state of literature at this moment very closely resembles the condition of the stock, share and money market? The fact occurred to the present writer only the other day, and it immediately suggested a number of what seemed interesting and might prove valuable considerations. To any person who is concerned in both—shall we say markets, the financial and the literary, the present must be a most depressing time. It is agreed on all hands that finance is as dull as it can be, while as for literature, ditch-water sparkles by contrast. In the pages of those weekly journals which deal with everything from court gossip to conundrums, not a "tip" is to be found as to books or stocks. There is no "boom" in anything; everything is flat, drooping or dead. The world is waiting for something to happen to change all this, but what that something will be, nobody knows. Even the weekly journals have given up prophesying, having been so often wrong as barely to escape derision. The very Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot declare with certainty why Consols are so low, nor tell when they will improve.

Now the Consols of literature are—nobody needs to be told—the Standard Authors. Can it be asserted that they are in brisk demand? Are they not, on the contrary, almost completely neglected? If you wish to chill conversation there is no surer way than to turn the conversation to the Standard Authors. It will be found that like Consols these, the "premier security" of literature, are utterly neglected. People are not buying them, and no immediate rise is expected. Home railways are in no better case, and the literary counterpart of "home-rails" is obviously travel and adventure. At present nobody is publishing travels or adventures. It is most strange that the globe-trotters should have chosen this, of all times, for sitting still and shooting nothing. Just when "home-rails" are stagnant and dividends shrinking, seems the very moment to charm us with descriptions of pigmies who live in trees, "under the blossom that hangs on the bough," and have no property or investments. How sweet to the suburban holder of "Metropolitans" must seem the picture of a black man asleep under a cocoa-nut tree, careless of bears (there being no bulls) waiting to be waked by his dinner falling on his head.

It is not to be expected that Foreign Stocks should be good when British Stocks are bad. But there does seem a probability that when home literature is far from lively Continental supplies might be in demand. It is not so, however. "Foreigners" in books are a poor market. To the British mind the only use to which the Almighty could put Frenchmen and the other continentals, was the writing of novels not permitted by the British code of morals. We do that kind ourselves now, and even that kind is dull. Indeed—and it is an amazing fact—Fiction altogether is dull, fearfully dull; as dull as its fellows in the City, "Industrials." Since the authorities took to prosecuting Company promoters and Company promoters took to taking prussic acid drops, Industrials have languished. But there is no threat of prosecution that ever we heard of, hanging over the head of the once Popular Novelist. Yet here we are at present without a Great Novelist, and this literary dearth coincides with the absence of any outstanding name in Industrial Company Finance, and an utter lack of new ventures. No longer the weekly journal with the financial page advises its Constant Reader on no account to sell his Dogs' Biscuits, but to hold on to them, even to buy more. The Constant Readers seem all to have parted with their Consolidated Sawdusts long ago. And in the literary page there is nothing of fiction to console them, no tale

which every reader should hasten to devour, no romance which immediately runs into a fresh issue of ten thousand copies; nothing but staleness, flatness and unprofitableness.

It may be doubted if ever before a period of financial stagnation coincided so closely with a time of literary inanition, the cause of the one and the other being quite inexplicable. Can these causes be one and the same? It does not seem very probable. It would rather appear that the men and women who had lost their money in "Kaffirs" would take perforce to writing novels, and that from the mass a great writer would emerge who otherwise would have remained an ordinary well-to-do person. Unless all history is wrong it is lack of pence that makes great writers. Perhaps the last generation was too well off, and their offspring that ought to have provided from among them the writers of to-day have been spoiled by luxury. The inquiry is too deep for a paper of this scope, and too wide for the present writer. But there can be no doubt that we are to-day sadly in want of writers who shall be great, eminent, and distinguished. We have many who may hope in time to be Doctors, *honoris causa*, for is not Mr. Carnegie a Doctor, and Mark Twain about to be made one? Mr. John Davidson may hope to be a Doctor. He made a new start in the *Westminster Gazette* of Monday last on the subject of "Without Compromise," in which he appears to claim the right to use his imagination to interpret the universe with the aid of nothing and nobody but himself. By all means, Mr. Davidson. That is the very kind of man we are waiting for. Literature at the moment is so fearfully dull, and the financial situation so depressing, that your preliminary announcement is most exhilarating. The universe has been interpreted several times already, but another attempt, by the aid of imagination, would be welcome. But you must get on with your attempt, or, as in the case of the men who were always going to swim the Channel, we shall get doubtful about you, and you will end up a Doctor. In these dark financial days an occasional headline in large block capitals makes the heart leap with its announcement that "Steel Pref." are active. Next day they are as dull as before. Do not be a "Steel Pref.," Mr. Davidson.

How flat literature is at present may be understood by supposing that this country were asked to send to some international congress of great writers its three most distinguished men. Whom should it send? Mr. Swinburne probably would not go, and being a poet might not be eligible. Mr. Shaw would probably go whether asked or not. That is one. Mr. Hall Caine would doubtless offer to go. That is two. It is a strange thing, but for the third there is nobody left but Mr. Andrew Lang. He is a Doctor, and has written on everything; perhaps in the history of writing nobody has ever written more than Mr. Andrew Lang, and therefore he would have to go. But is this not rather a poor show for English literature at the beginning of the twentieth century? Mr. John Davidson in the paper already referred to observes that "the author of the *Iliad* and the author of the *Book of Job* were ignorant and illiterate men. Neither of them knew the Greek tragic dramatists; they had no Latin, no German philosophy or English poetry, no French prose or Spanish eloquence, no Russian mysticism or Italian theory." He modestly omits to tell us that they had not heard of Mr. Davidson. But what they did have was "their own unsullied vision of the universe." And then says Mr. Davidson: "I also have mine." Well, that is most encouraging. One might almost swear that Mr. Andrew Lang knows all the above-mentioned things that the authors of the *Iliad* and the *Book of Job* did not know; and this kind of knowledge is perhaps what makes literature so flat at present. If Mr. Davidson will make haste we may see literature revive before stocks and shares. What both departments want most unmistakably is a new theory of the universe, and literature is promised it first.

ADAM LORIMER.

## FICTION

*Innocent Masqueraders.* By SARAH TYTLER. (Long, 6s.)

Two babies left at the dead of night at opposite ends of Blackheath; their adoption by worthy people of the neighbourhood and the subsequent discovery of their real parentage, is the mild theme of "*Innocent Masqueraders*," and it would be a pleasant one if it were not amplified into three hundred weary pages. The book is not badly written; there is nothing in it to offend; the moral tone is excellent and the climax eminently satisfactory but, like a hundred other books of the kind which appear every year, it is dull, dull, dull. There is nothing in it to provoke tears, but then there is also nothing to induce laughter. The story drifts peacefully in a sea of words and the reader, if he is patient, will drift too until he reaches a climax which has been a foregone conclusion from the beginning. Without losing a single feature of the plot, the whole novel might have been condensed into a very good short story.

*Diaries of Three Women of the Last Century.* Edited by EVELYN ST. LEGER. (Arrowsmith, 6s.)

It has been said that the age of letter-writing is over; perhaps this is the reason so many enterprising people have chosen to administer their fiction in this form, making their heroines ramble at the writing-table instead of in the moonlit woods and pour out their souls to the blotter rather than to the stars. When we found ourselves confronted with a fat volume, bound in a species of purple satin and stamped with a design in gold obviously intended to represent a metal clasp, we exclaimed "more letters!" and to a certain extent we were right. The first collection of extracts (they are submitted to us as cuttings from the genuine diaries of three separate persons, but they undoubtedly come from the same pen) though ostensibly in the form of a diary, are in reality neither more nor less than letters addressed by a woman to her dead lover. The rest of the book contains portions of the diaries of her niece and great-niece, each of whom marries, becomes estranged from her husband and regains his love in a manner characteristic of her temperament and the age in which she lives. The methods of the grand-niece are as ingenious as they are utterly improbable. The whole is written in the rambling and diffuse style peculiar to the diaries of fiction and is only saved from mediocrity by the genuine humour with which some of the episodes are described. The atmosphere of the period is, as usual, conveyed by the use of such words as "the vapours," "vastly," and so forth, in the earlier diary and the free use of slang in the later one, but the style of all three is otherwise precisely the same.

*None so Pretty.* By the Author of "*A Discrepant World*." (Longmans, 6s.)

"NONE SO PRETTY" is a book that we find difficult to praise adequately. Its title is, perhaps, the least attractive legend that the pen of the author of "*The Haggard Side*" and "*A Discrepant World*" has ever traced. Happily, however, it is quite inappropriate. The author is always more successful in his shorter pieces—his "*Essays in Fiction*"—than in his longer works, but the book before us is as delightful as its predecessors would lead one to expect: if his talent is more suited to the painting of a miniature than a large canvas, the large canvas is yet almost perfect of its kind. We do not suggest that "*None so Pretty*" is a remarkable book in any sense: no critic will rave over it or call it the masterpiece of an age; comparatively few people will read it. The few who do, will not be the ordinary novel-readers, and they will read it just because it is not an ordinary novel—because it is a quiet and distinguished and charming piece of work. We are growing more than a little tired of the sort of thing which is habitually served up as "a study in emotions"



—a synonym, usually, for passion—and this thoughtful and deftly woven story comes as a pleasant reminder that there is still poetry in life, and love and pathos and humour, and that a mind diseased is apt to ride its so-called realism a little beyond the cross-roads where truth ends and popularity begins. There is much shrewd observation in the book and much quiet wit, and the cultured ease of the writing lends an additional charm to its pages. The author has a sure eye for the things which matter, and the main details of his picture are never obscured by over-elaboration. His book, indeed, suggests the smoking-room of a scholar with a broad and sympathetic outlook. That scholar might be Mr. Benson—only he is not sufficiently self-conscious, and not wholly a sentimentalist.

*Three Weeks.* By ELINOR GLYN. (Duckworth, 6s.)

PAUL VERDAYNE was of "noble station" and he fell in love with a mere parson's daughter who had red hands. So his father gives him plenty of money and advises him to travel for his health and Paul goes to Lucerne. There, in the restaurant of his hotel he meets a wondrous creature with gliding feline movements "infinitely sinuous and attractive." We suppose that if she had been finitely sinuous she would not have been so attractive and then Paul would not straightway have forgotten the middle-class lady with red hands. For the sinuous one is also of noble station. We must admit that Elinor Glyn takes us into the highest society. Her scorn of the middle classes and their morals is only equalled by her respect for those whom she would probably describe as the "upper ten." We think that some one should publish some statistics of the Divorce Court for the benefit of people like Elinor Glyn. It would sadden her we know but she would assuredly find that most of the men and women figuring there were not noble but middle class and even lower middle class in station. Your cheesemonger's wife may have as quick an eye for a handsome stranger as any one else, though she would probably not purr like a tiger or undulate like a snake, or lie full length on purple cushions when she received visitors, or make the air of her room thick with incense and the perfume of tuberose, unless she had deserted the cheesemonger and taken to the oldest profession in the world, when such ways would well become her. The truth is that the sudden passion of two strangers for each other and their abandonment to it takes more genius in the telling than Elinor Glyn possesses and a different point of view. She is too desperately anxious to shock her middle-class readers and impress them with the upholstery of her high-born heroine. The result is that you laugh a little and yawn a little and are not shocked at all, but only rather bored by a vulgar and extremely silly story.

*Roger Dinwiddie, Soul Doctor.* By A. M. IRVINE. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

To us this name somehow suggests comedy, but it apparently did not do so to the writer. Dr. Dinwiddie, as the title tells us, was a soul doctor. Like other specialists he did not think it necessary to announce his peculiar branch of science on his door-plate, and this omission beguiled unsuspecting souls into his net. He at first treated them with a great deal of separate attention, but as his practice grew to overwhelming dimensions, he resorted to wholesale cures. He also employed a secretary who stood as a buffer between the worthy doctor and his too amorous patients. They all seemed to fall in love with him! He fell in love with one—a young person who made use of him as "copy." Then the secretary blundered and very nearly upset both their plans. The author is kind enough to rectify the secretary's blunder and bring them to the usual happy ending so necessary to this class of fiction. The writer of this book, we imagine, must have been as hard up for copy as the young woman in the story.

## FINE ART

### STRANGERS WITHIN THE GATES

WHEN an amateur of repute, a hundred years ago last March, published a proposal that the national memorial to Lord Nelson should be entrusted to the Italian sculptor Canova, Hoppner, fired with indignation, exchanged the painter's brush for the pen of the critic.

There are [wrote he] only two occasions, I conceive, on which a foreign artist could with propriety be invited to execute a great national work in this country, namely, in default of our having any artist at all competent to such an undertaking, or for the purpose of introducing a superior style of art to correct a vicious taste prevalent in the nation.

To this sane and reasonable pronouncement no exception can be taken, especially by those who agree with the same painter-critic that

the proudest boast of a nation has at all times been its arts, that yield to no conquest except that of skill, and claim a superiority for the country in which they flourish in defiance of the barbarous hordes that in evil hour may subdue it.

It is a thousand pities Hoppner's excellent advice has not been taken more to heart in the highest quarters, where patronage of the arts has ever been extended more readily to the foreigner than to the native. This tendency, instead of decreasing, has become more marked since the days of Hoppner. Of Court painters we rarely hear nowadays save in the society columns of the newspapers, from which we gather they are usually foreigners and always nonentities. Unfortunately for our contemporary painters there is no longer rivalry between the monarch and his heir-apparent in these matters, else we might enjoy the spectacle of the Prince of Wales, for example, backing Mr. Orpen and Mr. J. D. Fergusson as his English and Scottish portrait-painters against his Majesty's Mr. Sargent and Sir James Guthrie.

Happily for the future fame of our country we now have in our midst painters and sculptors competent for any artistic undertaking, and while we regret the comparative obscurity in which they at present linger and the lack of public patronage from which in many cases they suffer, we are far from advocating any protection in art, far from discouraging the importation of the best—but let it be the best—foreign painting and sculpture. On the contrary there is good reason to hope that this importation may help to correct the vicious taste now undoubtedly prevalent in the nation. We know what was the effect, not only upon painters but on collectors also, of the introduction in Glasgow some thirty odd years ago of pictures by Corot and his French contemporaries. We should delight in the purchase of a Puvion de Chavannes by the Crown or the Government, while we should still regret that Alfred Stevens, Burne-Jones, and Watts were never given in London the opportunity he had in Paris.

No, let us welcome by all means the modern masters of America and the continent; let us rejoice in the works they exhibit at our galleries, wondering the while that they should be good enough to send them to a country which, to its shame, possesses no national gallery for the permanent collection of non-native modern pictures and sculpture, no government grant even for their purchase. To their rescue, and to ours, comes the private collector, a power in the land. He buys continually, and occasionally he leaves his purchases to the nation. He may have taste or he may not, but it is to him we have to look. And if we must remember that to him we owe a Tate, let us not forget that to him also we owe the Wallace and Ionides collections.

These reflections are prompted by a survey of the unusual number of exhibitions of works by foreign artists which have recently been opened in London. Several of these are intrinsically of importance, and most are helpful in widening the outlook of stay-at-home critics. The

Danish Exhibition at the Guildhall has been reinforced by a one-man-show at Mr. Van Wisselingh's Gallery (14 Grafton Street) of its most distinguished contributor, Mr. Wilhelm Hammershoi. Like Le Sidaner, the Danish artist is pre-eminently the painter of human surroundings rather than of humanity's presence. His low-toned interiors, generally figureless, evoke a similar pathetic sentiment, though his smooth, restrained style of painting is utterly different, a halfway house between Whistler and Vermeer of Delft. A masterly observer of light and colour-values, his sunshine is not a prismatic vibration but a steady glow of brilliance, his colour and the surface quality of his pigment are not sparkling but still. But it is still wine of an excellent vintage; light, perhaps, but generous and stimulating.

If Mr. Van Wisselingh can be said to offer us hock, Mr. Marchant at the Goupil Gallery (5 Regent Street) gives us a full-bodied sparkling burgundy in the gorgeous visions of Japan as revealed to the Hungarian painter, Cyula Tornai. The shock of his unsubdued but harmonised colour is so great, that critics, despairing of finding a fit analogy among contemporary painters, have compared him to Monticelli. The comparison is not altogether apt. Tornai does not crush his jewels, he puts them in whole and the larger the better. Again Tornai is not a dreamer but a realist, he does not softly woo us by the magic of his fancy, but arrests attention by the consummate power and precision of his wideawake vision. It is impossible to deny the amazing actuality of his pictures, their technical mastery, the barbaric splendour of their decorative effect, but they belong to a greater age than our own. Tornai's art is for the palace not the cottage, where it would prove overwhelming, and in a palace his brilliance would kill most pictures one could hang alongside. That he is a master there is no doubt, his work is in the nature of a new revelation, and we hope examples of his art, as well as Hammershoi's, will eventually find a place in a national collection.

Though his name is probably better known in this country, Mr. Laszlo, who has been showing a collection of his portraits at the Fine Art Society's, has neither the strength nor the individual force of his compatriot. As a portrait-painter Mr. Laszlo takes a high place among his contemporaries, but he does not rival Mr. Sargent as many of his continental admirers would have us believe. He does not push character to the psychological depths, his technique has not the economic sureness, the inevitableness of Mr. Sargent at his best. The Hungarian is careful where the Anglo-American is often not; the hands of Laszlo are better than many hands by Mr. Sargent, but he cannot paint them with such subtlety and endow them with so much character as Mr. Sargent can, however summarily, when he chooses. He is in fact nearer to Kaulbach or even Lenbach than to Sargent, and in view of Mr. Laszlo's vogue in certain sections of society, it may not come amiss, while acknowledging his merits, to remind the reader that as a portrait-painter he has several equals and a few superiors in our own country.

Under the auspices of the *Entente Cordiale* and organised by Mr. Eugene Cremetti, the French societies of Aquarellists and Marine Painters are exhibiting at the Grafton Galleries. The collection, though not impressive as a whole, is worth visiting by those not very familiar with the Salons, for among much work of mediocre interest it contains a few examples by painters who cannot be ignored in any review of modern painting. One may or may not like the marines of the Franco-American painter Mr. Alexander Harrison, but his influence is widespread, and he is a man to be reckoned with. His four contributions, of which *Venice by Moonlight* is the best, are characteristic of his style, precise drawing, true colour and lighting, but often marred by a lack of tenderness and wholesome mystery. It is disappointing to find so little influence in the marines of Boudin and Courbet, in the water-colours of Jacquemart, Daumier and Moreau. But French artists have rarely excelled in

this medium, and the most distinctive exhibits in the latter section are the *gouache* drawings of that refined and decorative artist M. Guirand de Scevola.

For some years past the Spanish paintings have been eagerly watched for in the Salons, where they are thought by many good judges annually to wrestle with the Scotch for the school of the future. The collection of Spanish paintings at the Mendoza Galleries is not fully representative of Spain, since the great Sorolla Y Bastida, not to mention Anglada and Zuloaga, does not contribute. But the collection is none the less interesting and gives a fair idea of the strength in colour and form of the Spanish painters. There are some beautiful landscapes by Meiffren, a semi-Boudin semi-Troyon of Spain; dignified snow-scenes by the able mountain painter Morera, strong figure work and light effects by Lopez Mezquita, an astonishing youngster of twenty-three; and good examples of men like Pla and Villegas, the director of the Prado. Doubtless the royal marriage has given a temporary extrinsic interest to Spanish pictures, and it is amusing to note that a big furnishing shop is at present holding an exhibition of Spanish modern art. Naturally the academic element in Spain has been called upon to contribute. But there have crept in some few vivifying pictures by Sotomayor and the younger men which will come as a shock to the customers who take their notion of art from the exhibits at the Academy. This importation also should offend no artist-patriot, for may it not help to "correct a vicious taste prevalent in the nation"?

## CORRESPONDENCE

### MR. BERNARD SHAW'S LECTURE ON "THE NEW THEOLOGY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I hope Lady Grove does not suspect me of being ignorant of her religion or indifferent to it. I know it only too well. At this very lecture of which she speaks I had hardly left the platform when a lady who I think must have been the Devil, beautiful as a goddess and nobly arrayed, came to me and taunted me with this religion, scorned me for not having preached it, and turned her back on me as on the Man with the Muckrake or other creature walking in darkness.

But what am I to do? Polytheism is all very well for polytheists: you have a goddess of love (or a god of love, according to your sex) and you have a god of cancer and epilepsy. You adore the one and either propitiate the other or try to forget him. You may even ignore him, like a child who pulls the raisins out of the cake and leaves the dough on the plate. But people will not stand this from me. They are monotheists: they will not nowadays tolerate as much as two gods waging eternal war on one another from heaven and hell, much less a whole pantheon. They will not accept even life and death as two things: they have learnt from Weissmann that death is only a device evolved by natural selection to economise life. The old conceptions of maliciously destructive fundamental energies at work no longer hold them: they reject them as not only depressing and terrifying, but incredible to people of any serious vitality. Yet cancer and epilepsy are facts, with plague, pestilence and famine and all the evils from which we pray to be delivered; and the intellectual problem is to find a tenable conception of a force which, though it has produced cancer and epilepsy, tetanus and diphtheria, curved spine and hare lips and the impulses of poisoners and torturers as well as love and beauty and divine ecstasy, is nevertheless a force with honourable intentions. My theology supplies such a conception, and Lady Grove's does not: that is why I satisfy the monotheists, and why she satisfies only the polytheists, who like to have love and cancer in what Mr. Andrew Lang would perhaps call deitight compartments.

I know that my "ignorant and inexperienced god" disgusts people who are accustomed to the best of everything. The old-fashioned gentleman who felt that God would not lightly damn a man of his quality has given place to the lady who declines to be saved by a deity who is not absolutely first-class in every particular. Sir Isaac Newton's confession of ignorance and inexperience seems to her to mark a lower grade of character and intelligence than the assurance of Mr. Stiggins,



who knows everything and can move mountains with his faith. I know this high-class deity very well. When I hire a furnished house for my holidays, as I often do, I find his portrait in the best bedroom. It is the portrait of a perfect gentleman, not older than thirty-eight, with nice hair, a nice beard, nice draperies, a nice pet lamb under his arm or somewhere about, and an expression which combines the tone of the best society with the fascination of Wilson Barrett as Hamlet. The ladies who worship him are themselves worshipped by innumerable poor Joblings in shabby lodgings who pin up the Galaxy Gallery of British Beauty on their walls. Far be it from me to mock at this worship: if you dare not or cannot look the universe in the face you will at least be the better for adoring that spark of the divine beauty and the eternal force that glimmers through the weaknesses and inadequacies of a pretty man or a handsome woman; but please, dear sect of sweethearts, do not mock at me either. You have your nicely buttered little problem and are content with its nicely buttered little solution. I have to face a larger problem and find a larger solution; and since on my scale the butter runs short, I must serve the bread of life dry.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

#### CROSBY HALL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to say a few words in reply to your editorial notes on the above subject in your issue of June 8? Ascertained facts I am not prepared to dispute—only the conclusion which you “submit” or argue from them. I allow that Crosby Hall has already suffered very grievously through accidental fires and through ill-advised attempts at “restoration,” and that the Bishopsgate Street façade is entirely unauthentic—so, too, for the matter of that, is the façade of the north transept of Westminster Abbey; but that does not affect the authenticity of what remains behind, overlaid by modern fakements. But do you mean to say that you advocate the deliberate destruction, in cold blood, of all that remains of the venerable relics of 1466 for the sake of a quarter of a million? If it were a new building I should agree that it was not worth that number of farthings; but you know very well that, once destroyed, a million million pounds could never give us Crosby Hall back again. It is because I shrink with horror at the contemplation of so irrevocable an error being committed that I venture, sir, to question the wisdom of your editorial comments.

AYMER VALLANCE.

[We do not “advocate the deliberate destruction, in cold blood, of all that remains of the venerable relics of 1466 for the sake of a quarter of a million”; but we do say that the interests of art and archaeology could be much better served by expending the money on things of greater authenticity and beauty. Remembering the trouble that was found necessary to raise £40,000 for the Rokeby Velasquez, we tremble to think of the pictures and other works of art that must be lost to the country if the public is permitted or encouraged to spend more than six times that amount on a mainly spurious building. And we maintain that the journals which have pressed, with all the sensational language at their command, the claims of Crosby Hall have acted disingenuously and even dishonestly in not being careful to make it clear to their readers that “what remains of the venerable relics,” as our correspondent somewhat tautologically puts it, is much less than they are likely to suppose, and that, indeed, the authenticity of most of the building must be gravely questioned. In our opinion, before well-intentioned but ignorant people are asked to spend their money on Crosby Hall, a commission of architects and antiquaries should be appointed to examine the structure minutely, and state in a report how much of the stone-work and wood-work date from a time previous to the restoration under William IV. Such parts as are authentic might then be purchased by, or for, the South Kensington or the Guildhall Museum and the public money saved for worthier objects. The munificent offer made by Sir Horatio Davis to present the building to the Corporation to pull down and rebuild elsewhere, or to treat at their discretion, announced in last Wednesday's *Times*, should settle the question, and in the happiest manner.—ED.]

#### “MARY BARTON” AND THE L.C.C.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Referring in your literary notes to the action of the L.C.C. in connection with “Mary Barton” you speak of “the nasty-minded puritan” who thrusts into the children's hands

“the family scandals of Absalom and of the patriarch Judah on the pretext that the ‘open Bible is a heritage of the Reformation.’” Allow me to remind you that the *whole* Bible is not “thrust,” to use your own phrase, into the children's hands by those who think the Bible a book worth children's knowing, but that a syllabus of certain portions of the Bible is in use, and this syllabus does not contain the passages to which you so indignantly allude. Either you forgot this fact or are ignorant of it.

R. MUDIE-SMITH.

June 22.

[Our correspondent's letter seems to imply considerable mental confusion on his part. In our note we referred to “people who make no protest when the nasty-minded puritan thrusts into children's hands the family scandals of Absalom and of the patriarch Judah on the pretext that the open Bible is the heritage of the Reformation.” Our correspondent informs us that the whole Bible is not thrust into the children's hands by the L.C.C. We never said it was. We said it was constantly thrust into the children's hands by nasty-minded puritans, and that without evoking any protest from the people who have taken upon themselves to refuse to supply copies of “Mary Barton” to school-children on the ground that it is unsuitable to them.—ED.]

#### JOHN TAYLOR, THE WATER-POËT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of May 11 you relate a story concerning John Taylor, the water-poet, told in a book on Scotland and Scotsmen by Mr. Alladyce. This anecdote is founded on a biographical error, the origin of which I am not able to discover. The water-poet was no Roman Catholic, but, on the contrary, an aggressive adversary of Catholicism and a zealous partisan of the High Church. The story therefore has, no doubt, been only transferred to the person of Taylor from an older original, contained, perhaps, in the works of Taylor himself, who edited several collections of anecdotes; as only a part of these are at my disposal I am sorry I cannot verify this supposition. At all events, the case is a new confirmation of the fact you intended to establish by this anecdote: to how various changes stories are liable when passing through the minds of the different relaters.

ALBERT GOTTLIEB.

Troppau, Austria.

June 18.

#### THE DEATH OF HARTWELL DE LA GARDE

GRISSELL, F.R.S., M.A., JUNE 10, 1907,

IN ROME

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to make public one of the many letters I received lately from my old friend, this very accomplished and typical *galantuomo* in the Italian, and every native sense of the word?

I select as an example the following note, showing his intense love for Rome, where, to the pain and grief of so many English friends and Italian, he was fated to end his active and official career; I choose it from a mass of correspondence ever displaying his deep interest in all the beautiful things with which he gloried to be surrounded. Our intimacy, lasting thirty-two years, cannot be quickly forgotten or the links be easily broken; now, alas! that the thread of his valuable life has been so suddenly snapped asunder—I was to have visited him next month *again* in Oxford! I omit a few brief passages from the letter chosen for publication:

“24th Nov<sup>br</sup> 1905.

“MY DEAR MERCER,—I am staying here till Monday next with . . . and have received the Reprint from . . . that you have so kindly sent me.

“How it recalls to my mind those pleasant evenings at *Caffè Greco* previous to 1870, when we met in company with Pongdestre, Rogers, and Anderson; Morris-Moore, McPherson, and others, now all gone, we will trust to a better world! [These were but a few of our *mutual* friends.]

“Rome, as you know, is to me still very dear, but chiefly through its old associations—as regards the present society and conditions, it pains me rather than gives pleasure. I like to think of its past.

“And ever since and now fair Italy!  
Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
Of all Art yields, and Nature can desire;  
E'en in the desert what is like to thee?

Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
More rich than other climes' fertility:  
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced  
With an immaculate charm that cannot be defaced.

"HARTWELL DE LA GARDE GRISSSELL."

I understand that the burial of *Commendatore* (his latest papal title—with which he felt much honoured—bestowed by Pius X. quite recently) Grissell will take place in England on or about July 4. R.I.P.

WILLIAM MERCER.

June 24.

## ARTS AND CRAFTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As president of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society will you allow me to contradict in your influential paper an entirely erroneous and unfounded report, which I regret to find has obtained some currency, that our society has been "disbanded."

So far is this from the truth that we are a stronger band than before, having elected many new members since our last exhibition in 1906, and we are now, according to triennial custom, contemplating our next show, which we hope to open in the autumn of 1908.

As the false report I have mentioned is calculated to be injurious to our society, I shall be much obliged if you can give space to this official contradiction.

WALTER CRANE.

June 21.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### BIOGRAPHY

*The Memoirs of Ann Lady Fanshawe, 1600-1672.* Reprinted from the original manuscript in the possession of Mr. Evelyn John Fanshawe of Parsloes, with four photogravure portraits and twenty-nine other reproductions. Lane, 16s. net.  
Browne, Edith A. *W. S. Gilbert.* Lane, 2s. 6d. net.  
*George Buchanan. Glasgow Quatercentenary Studies, 1906.* Maclehose, 12s. 6d. net.

### DRAMA

*The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen.* Vol. ix. *Rosmersholm. The Lady from the Sea.* With Introductions by William Archer. Heinemann, 4s.

### EDUCATIONAL

*Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges: Esther.* Cambridge University Press, 1s. 6d. net.

### FICTION

Valentine, Edward U.; and Harper, S. Eccleston. *The Red Sphinx.* Unwin, 6s.  
*Diaries of Three Women of the Last Century.* Edited by Evelyn St. Leger. Arrowsmith, 6s.  
Finnemore, John. *The Secret Entrance.* Ward, Lock, 6s.  
Tytler, Sarah. *Innocent Masqueraders.* Long, 6s.  
*Confessions of a Princess.* Long, 1s. net.  
Gerard, Dorothea. *Itinerant Daughters.* Long, 6s.  
Moberly, L. G. *Dan—and Another.* Ward, Lock, 6s.  
Parkes, Kineton. *Love à la Mode.* Griffiths, 6s.

### HISTORY

Frazer, R. W. *A Literary History of India.* Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.  
Welsford, J. W. *The Strength of Nations.* An Argument from History. Longmans, 5s. net.

### MISCELLANEOUS

*The Philosophical Radicals and other Essays.* With Chapters reprinted on the Philosophy of Religion in Kant and Hegel. By A. Seth Pringle-Pattison. Blackwood, 6s. net.  
*Copyright and Copy-Wrong.* The Authentic and the Unauthentic. Ruskin. Allen, n.p.  
Charles E. Dawson. *His Book of Book-Plates.* Otto Schulze & Co., n.p.  
Kingsley, Rose G. *Eversley Gardens and others.* Allen, 6s. net.  
Mackenzie, J. S. *Lectures on Humanism.* With special reference to its bearings on Sociology. Sonnenschein, n.p.  
*The Waterloo Campaign.* A Study by Lieut.-Col. Sisson C. Pratt. Sonnenschein, 5s. net.

## NEW VOLUME OF THE WATERLOO LIBRARY.

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

## DEBORAH OF TOD'S.

By Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"A really clever and interesting book. . . . Every feminine figure, however slightly drawn, has about it some vivifying touch to render it memorable."

**THE CASE OF SIR JOHN FASTOLF,** and other Historical Studies. By D. WALLACE DUTHIE. Large post 8vo, 5s. net.

TRIBUNE.—"The author has not only an historical sense, but a vivid and humorous style, two qualities which put new life into dead bones."

**LONEWOOD CORNER. A Countryman's Horizons**

By JOHN HALSHAM, Author of "Idlehurst." Cr. 8vo, 5s. net.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"A book of penetrating charm and deep human feeling."

**LETTERS OF A BETROTHED, 1804-13**

during the German War of Liberation. By the Baroness EDITH VON CRAMM. Translated by LEONARD HUXLEY. With 2 Portraits. Large post 8vo, 5s. net.

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.—"A vivid and fascinating picture of high life in Prussia."

**THE PAPERS OF A PARIAH**

By the Rev. Father HUGH BENSON, Author of "The Light Invisible," etc. Large post 8vo, 5s. net.

DAILY CHRONICLE.—"The whole book, no matter what our individual aspect may be, is profoundly interesting, and intellectually refreshing."

**THE LETTERS OF ONE**

**A Study in Limitations.** By CHARLES HARE PLUNKETT. 5s. net.

DAILY NEWS.—"The book is the work of one who has capacity for understanding human complexity and the workings of the human spirit."

**FRAULEIN SCHMIDT AND MR. ANSTRUTHER. Being the Letters of an Independent Woman.**

By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Crown 8vo, 6s.

The DAILY NEWS says:—"The author of 'Elizabeth' has varied her work in this volume with a most successful literary experiment. . . . She has succeeded in producing a book extraordinarily readable, and full of suggestive and illuminating criticism."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

## A GUIDE TO HOLIDAY READING

The July **BOOK MONTHLY** which will be ready on Monday, sixpence net, is a Holiday Reading Number. It has letters on that subject by well-known people like Mr. Hall Caine, Miss Braddon, Mr. A. C. Benson, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell. Besides it has carefully compiled lists of the new books and editions published this year which are most suitable for holiday reading.

Simphn, Marshall and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, London.

## NOTICE.

"THE ACADEMY" is POSTED FREE (52 issues at 3d.) to every ANNUAL SUBSCRIBER in the United Kingdom prepaying 15s. FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS by a PREPAYMENT of 17s. 6d. will secure it being sent Post Free to any address throughout the World for a uniform 1d. postage, though the postage payable varies from 1d. minimum to 2½d. per copy. Orders may be sent through any Bookseller or Newsvendor, or direct to the Publisher, 95 Fetter Lane, E.C.



## From Mr. John Lane's List.

### RALPH HEATHCOTE

Letters of a Young Diplomatist and Soldier during the Time of Napoleon, giving an Account of the Dispute between the Emperor and the Elector of Hesse. By COUNTESS GÜNTHER GRÖBEN. With 20 Illustrations, demy 8vo (9 by 5½ inches), 12s. 6d. net.

### MÉMOIRS OF LADY FANSHAWE

Written by Herself. With Extracts from the Correspondence of Sir Richard Fanshawe. Edited by H. C. FANSHAWE. With 38 Full-page Illustrations, including 4 in Photogravure and 1 in Colour. 8vo, 16s. net.

\*.\* This Edition has been printed direct from the Original Manuscript in the possession of the Fanshawe Family, and H. C. Fanshawe contributes various notes which form a running commentary on the text. Many famous pictures are reproduced, including paintings by Velasquez and Van Dyck.

### POETRY AND PROGRESS IN RUSSIA

By ROSA NEWMARCH. With 6 Full-page Portraits, demy 8vo (9 by 5½ inches), 7s. 6d. net.

\*.\* This book deals with an aspect of Russian literature hitherto unjustly neglected in favour of the school of realistic fiction. Nevertheless, the poets of the earlier half of the nineteenth century were the pioneers of the intellectual progress which culminated in the work of that Pleiad of novelists: Gogol, Tourgeniev, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoi. The spirit of Russia can never be more than imperfectly understood by those who, without preparation, plunge straightway into this tide of realism which marks only the second stage in the evolution of the national genius. Mrs. Newmarch's volume covers a period extending from the first publications of Pushkin, in 1814, to the death of Nadson, in 1888, and consists of an Introduction and Six Studies, as follows:—Pushkin, the first and greatest of the Russian national poets; Lermontov, the meteoric poet of the Romantic School; Koltsov, the Russian Burns; Nikitin, the singer of Russian rural life; Nekrassov, the poet of Revolution; and Nadson, whose work is characteristic of the decadence of Russian poetry.

### THE FALL OF NAPOLEON

By OSCAR BROWNING, Author of "The Boyhood and Youth of Napoleon." With numerous Full-page Illustrations, demy 8vo (9 by 5½ inches), 12s. 6d. net.

### PRETTY POLLY

The Story of a Great Racehorse. By JOCELYN LECHMERE. With numerous Illustrations, crown 4to (9½ by 7 inches), 7s. 6d. net.

### W. S. GILBERT

By EDITH A. BROWNE. With 23 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.  
[Stars of the Stage Series.]

### SEVILLE: A Historical and Descriptive Account

By ALBERT F. CALVERT. With 243 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.  
[The Spanish Series.]

### THE HERESY OF JOB

A Study of the Argument. By FRANCIS COUTTS. Illustrated with the "Inventions" of WILLIAM BLAKE. Fcap. 4to, 5s. net.

### KING ARTHUR

By FRANCIS COUTTS. Uniform with "Musa Verticordia," "The Alhambra, and other Poems," etc. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

## NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

### THE MAULEVERER MURDERS

A New and Exciting Detective Story by the Author of **THE DANGERVILLE INHERITANCE**. In this volume the Author again introduces Ashley Tempest, the barrister, and Dennis Yardley, the detective, who were employed with such telling effect in his previous work. Mr. FOX-DAVIES builds up before his readers a remarkable series of crimes which, when elucidated, display a story more ingeniously and more dramatically startling and unexpected than his first novel.

RECENT SUCCESSES.

### FOR THE WEEK END

By HANDASYDE, Author of "Four Gardens." Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Only a woman, surely, would write such deep and intimate truth about the heart of another woman and the things that give her joy when a man loves her."—STANDARD.

"A genuine story of passion. . . . The author has set out to exhibit the relations of a pair of lovers who have met too late. The passion of this pair plays across a background of laughter and cynicism and shallow wit and horseplay and scandal."—DAILY MAIL.

### THE STRONGEST PLUME

By HUGH DE SELINCOURT, Author of "A Boy's Marriage." Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A very clever story . . . a notable book. Its central figure is a young girl who goes through an experience which generally means the end of things, and the author has drawn the character with consummate skill. . . . The whole book, indeed, pulsates with humanity, and is a notable addition to the year's fiction."—MR. SIDNEY DARK in DAILY EXPRESS.

### THE WINGLESS VICTORY

By M. P. WILLCOCKS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Such books are worth keeping on the shelves, even by the classics, for they are painted in colours that do not fade."—TIMES.

"A remarkable book. . . . Miss Willcocks's place among original and gifted writers is never in doubt."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"It deserves all the epithets that critics scatter about . . . 'powerful,' 'moving,' 'dramatic,' 'emotional.'"—BLACK AND WHITE.

JOHN LANE, Publisher, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W.

## Nervous Disorders

A deficiency of the phosphates causes a lowering of nervous tone, indicated by exhaustion, restlessness, headache or insomnia.

### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

(Non-Alcoholic)

supplies the nerve cells with health-giving life force, restores strength and induces restful sleep without the use of dangerous drugs.

### An Ideal Tonic in Nervous Diseases

If your chemist does not have it in stock he can obtain it from Bovril, Ltd., 159 Old Street, London, E. C.

## CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE

# RED

DRINK THE

# WHITE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST  
& AFTER DINNER.

# & BLUE.

In making use less quantity, it being so much  
stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

"PUBLIC OPINION was very much prized by Thomas Carlyle, and was one of the last journals he read."—Dr. W. R. NICOLL, in the "British Weekly," May 2, 1907.

## . Public Opinion .

PRICE TWOPENCE

A Weekly Review of Current Thought and Activity.

Edited by PERCY L. PARKER.

The purpose of PUBLIC OPINION is to provide a Weekly Review of current thought and activity as it is expressed in the World's Newspapers, Magazines, and Books.

This object has been achieved with considerable success ever since PUBLIC OPINION was started in 1860. In the 47 years since then it has consistently carried out its policy.

The need for a paper like PUBLIC OPINION increases with the years, for life becomes more complex, and the busy man, though anxious to keep in touch with new developments of thought and activity, has not the time to read the many papers which would give him the needed facts. PUBLIC OPINION seeks to do this for him, and to present just that *précis* of life and thought which will enable him to quickly understand what is going on in the world.

PUBLIC OPINION (Published every Friday, price Twopence, 32 pages) can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will be sent post-free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to PUBLIC OPINION, 30 & 31 Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

"I know of two Prime Ministers who have read regularly PUBLIC OPINION."—"Daily News," May 15, 1907.

Every Book in this List is worth reading

FIRST EDITION OF 15,000 COPIES SOLD OUT  
Second Edition now ready

## THE TANGLED SKEIN

A POWERFUL HISTORICAL ROMANCE

In this new romance the BARONESS ORCZY is at her best. The story is of enthralling interest throughout. The scene is laid in Old Hampton Court, in the days of Mary Tudor and her picturesque and brilliant Court. For vital human interest it equals "The Scarlet Pimpernel."



TRIBUNE.—"The author of 'The Scarlet Pimpernel' has just that womanly sentiment . . . which goes straight to the heart of readers. Her pages are vivid and full of colour."

SCOTSMAN.—"Picturesque, well-imagined, and written with a rare combination of lightness and vigour, the book cannot but prove enjoyable to readers who like a spirited romance."

TIMES.—"The author has shown her cunning as a deviser and vigorous narrator of an historical story."

STANDARD.—"We should not be surprised to hear that 'The Tangled Skein' has gone into a dozen editions. It is the kind of historical romance that has been popular in all ages."

BYSTANDER.—"Told with all the dramatic faculty and *elan*, and all the admirable sense of historical detail which have characterised the Baroness's previous work."

YORKSHIRE HERALD.—"As regards originality of plot, charm of writing, wealth of description and ingenuity of construction, the story equals, and we may almost say, excels the immortal 'Scarlet Pimpernel,' which emanated from the same pen."

6s. The Tangled Skein 6s.

The Dupe  
By GERALD BISS

6s.

Richard the Brazen  
By CYRIL BRADY and  
EDWARD PEPLE

6s.

FIRST EDITION SUBSCRIBED BEFORE PUBLICATION. Second Edition now ready

## THE MASCOTTE OF PARK LANE

By LUCAS CLEEVE 6s.

The Palm Oil  
Ruffian

By ANTHONY HAMILTON

6s.

Chance the  
Changeling

By MAUD C. KNIGHT

6s.

## SEEN AND UNSEEN

A RECORD OF THE EXPERIENCES  
OF A SPIRITUALIST

By E. KATHARINE BATES 6s.

## The Woman Friend and the Wife

By ETHEL HILL 6s.

## And the Moor Gave up its Dead

By ERIC HARRISON 6s.

Few, if any, books by new writers have received such eulogistic notices.

TIMES.—"The early life of Jack Haken is given with colour and life."

VANITY FAIR.—"Lovers of the moorlands of Yorkshire will find matter of interest in Mr. Harrison's story. . . . He has certainly the gift of humour."

OUTLOOK.—"Contains some clever studies of village type."

LEICESTER POST.—"A charming and interesting Yorkshire story."

ACADEMY.—"His style is good, he has an eye for character, and he carries the reader with him."

GREENING & CO. LTD., 91 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

## ROUTLEDGE'S LIST.

**FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.** By the Rev. C. A. JOHNS  
Revised throughout and Edited by CLARENCE ELLIOTT. With  
92 Coloured Plates (268 Figures) by E. W. GWATKIN; and  
245 Text Illustrations. Cloth extra, bevelled boards, 8vo, 336  
pages, 7s. 6d. net.

"A capital edition . . . shows what a revolution has been accomplished in the domain of illustrated books."—COUNTRY LIFE.

## NEW 2s. 6d. COPYRIGHT NOVELS

Uniform in all respects with the ordinary six-shilling volume; crown  
8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 2s. 6d. each.

CHRISTIAN TEARLE: **A LEGAL PRACTITIONER.**

A. C. FOX-DAVIES: **THE AVERAGE MAN.**

W. K. HILL: **UNDER THREE KINGS.**

W. CAINE: **THE PURSUIT OF THE PRESIDENT.**

\* \* At all Libraries and Booksellers.

**THE DANGER OF MUNICIPAL TRADING.** By  
ROBERT P. PORTER, Director of the 11th U.S. Census. Crown  
8vo, cloth extra, gilt, xvi + 320 pp., 2s. 6d. net.

**TE TOHUNGA: THE ANCIENT LEGENDS AND  
TRADITIONS OF THE MAORIS.** Orally collected and  
Pictured by W. DITTMER. Royal 4to, 25s. net.

"A work of singular interest, which has a permanent value."

STANDARD.

**THE DOG'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY: an Encyclo-  
pædia of the Diseases, their Diagnosis and Treatment, and the  
Physical Development of the Dog.** By A. J. SEWELL, M.R.C.V.S.  
Illustrated 8vo, Quarter leather, 352 pp. 5s.

"The most important addition to the canine literature of our day."

ILLUSTRATED KENNEL NEWS.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE

## LIBRARY OF HISTORICAL LITERATURE

Large 8vo, buckram, 5s. net each,

**THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE  
ASCENSION OF JAMES II.** By Lord MACAULAY. Edited,  
with Introduction and Notes by T. F. HENDERSON. xxvi + 840  
pages. 5s. net. [Next week.]

**A HISTORY OF GREECE FROM THE TIME OF  
SOLON TO 403 B.C.** By GEORGE GROTE. Condensed and  
Edited, with Notes and Appendices, by J. M. MITCHELL, B.A., and  
M. O. B. CASPARI, M.A. xxviii + 812 pages. 5s. net.

"Remarkably cheap and remarkably useful."—OXFORD MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE

## LIBRARY OF EARLY NOVELISTS

Edited by E. A. BAKER, M.A.

8vo, buckram, 6s. net each.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY: **ARCADIA**

HENRY BROOKE: **THE FOOL OF QUALITY**

THOMS (W. J.): **EARLY ENGLISH PROSE**

ROMANCES

DEFOE: **MOLL FLANDERS AND ROXANA**

NEW VOLUMES IN THE

## ENGLISH LIBRARY

Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt tops, 2s. 6d. each.

**HISTORY IN FICTION: a Guide to the Best Historical  
Romances, etc.** By E. A. BAKER, M.A. 2 vols.

1. ENGLISH. 2. AMERICAN and FOREIGN (translated).

**HOW TO READ ENGLISH LITERATURE.** By  
LAURIE MAGNUS, M.A. 2 vols.

1. CHAUCER to MILTON. 2. DRYDEN to MEREDITH.

Also School Edition, 1s. 6d. each; 2 vols. in one, 2s. 6d.

The following Book-lists, etc., are obtainable, post free, on application.

**The Book Fair.** First Spring Number, 1907. With original  
contributions by G. K. CHESTERTON and other writers.

**How to Furnish a Library from £5 upwards.**

**List of Routledge's New Series.** 16 pages, 12mo.

**New Universal Library,** 170 vols. 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. net.

**Muses' Library,** 46 vols. 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. net.

**London Library,** 8 vols. 2s. 6d. net.

**Miniature Reference Library,** 41 vols. 1s. net.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Ltd., LONDON



907

T.

NS  
with  
and  
336  
om-

S  
1978

By  
own

D  
nd

o-  
he  
S.

vs.

E

E  
ed,  
40  
k.  
F  
nd  
nd

al

by

v.  
al

N